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MARY
QUEEN OF SCOTLAND AND FRANCE

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HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF SCOTLAND

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

IN ONE VOLUME

BY

MARY LESLIE

Author of "Rhymes of the Kings and Queens of England"

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Being an Account of the Kings and Queens of Scotland
from the Reign of Fergus the
First to Victoria

WITH

ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS
From Authentic Portraits, Coins, and Fine Pictures

APPENDIX—HIGHLAND CLANS

Pen Sketches and Cloth Cover designed by William Colborne Thomson



Historical Sketches of Scotland

RHYMES OF THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF SCOTLAND.

PREFACE FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Now, lads and lassies, take of what I gather,
Come pluck a thistle ; open wide your ears,
And get your hearts in tune for purple heather,
For Bruce's spider and Queen Mary's tears.



THE SPINDLE ROCK

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF SCOTLAND

Listen, young people, while I tell the story
Of Scotland's Kings and Queens in olden times ;
A tale of hard blows, poverty and glory,
Of stirring, noble deeds, and blackest crimes.

Of Scotland, rugged land of old romance,
Rich with the blood of many a well-fought field.
The land of sword, and battle-axe and lance,
Of tartan-plaids, of pibroch, dirk and shield.

Land of wild cataracts and mountain streams,
Of screaming pipes and music bickering burn ;
Of ballads, "sweet bit sangs" and noble dreams,
Of Coronachs, and wails of Highland kerne.

Land of Norse Island homes and sword dances,
Mountains and stormy hills, torrents and lakes,
Of legends, tales of eld and wild romances
Land of broad tongues, warm hearts, and oaten cakes.

Of fairy folk and witches, fiery crosses ;
Of ruins, all alive with old-world lore.
Of broken paths o'er treacherous peats and mosses,
And great rocks, just as in the days of yore.

Land of brave lads, and sweetly bonnie lassies,
Of checkéd aprons, and of bonnets blue ;
Of caves and wastes, and bogs and dark morasses,
Mind and remember—all I tell to you.



STAR OF THE ORDER OF THE THISTLE

A WORD TO THE OLDER PEOPLE.

I have been led by the partial success of "Rhymes of the Kings and Queens of England," to publish the present work. As far as it goes, it is reliable as a book of reference, and I hope it may create an appetite for Scottish History, a subject which is practically *terra incognita* to young Canadians, especially in the country. The attitude of young Americans and Canadians is one of extreme indifference to the nations and races from which they spring, and the noble struggles of those who have gone before them; "as if a man were author of himself," and not a bundle of peculiarities inherited from his ancestors, and modified by his present surroundings. I shall feel rewarded if I can do away with this freezing indifference, and make them sensible of the precious legacy of song and story, as well as more substantial benefits left us by our forefathers.

I am greatly indebted to the kindness of friends for many illustrations, and encouragement in my desire to make the important study of history more popular in Canada. I have taken pains to arrive at the truth before condensing it for this work. My authorities for the "Kings and Queens of Scotland" are, Pinkerton, Pitscottie, Buchanan, Robertson, Hume, Smollet, Macaulay, and Tytler. I have read carefully six lives of Mary Queen of Scots; two of Wallace, and one of Flora Macdonald, besides accounts in the Encyclopædias. My authorities for the Highland Clans are chiefly Pinkerton, Pitscottie, Reverend Thomas MacLachlan, Sir Walter Scott, Chambers, and Skene.

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Opening Remarks

Caledonians meaning "People of the Woods."

"Scots" comes from Scute, "a wanderer," thought to be of Gothic origin.

Scotland's patron saint is St. Andrew.



ST. ANDREW

Origin of the national badge of the thistle : The Danes invaded Scotland in the thirteenth century. One of them stepped on a thistle with his bare foot in a night attack, and his cry roused the sleeping Scots, who sprang up and gained the battle of Largs, after a bloody conflict. See Mr. Thomas Laidlaw's beautiful poem of "Scotia's Thistle," in a little volume called "Sprigs o' Heather."

Dunedin, "the face of the hill," or the hill of Edwin, now Edinburgh, was originally a rude fort built by Edwin, King of Northumberland, twelve hundred years ago. In the charter of King David the First, it is called Edinburgh. Edinburgh is a city unique in its beauty, like no other ancient city in Europe ; it has a character peculiar to itself. Pictures give but a faint idea of the city, termed by Scott "mine own romantic town."

May all my young readers see this noble old city, its ‘Palace in the sheltered glen,’ its ‘Castle in the air.’



COLLAR OF THE ORDER OF ST. ANDREW

SAINT COLUMBA.

Christianity was first introduced into Scotland by an Irish monk, Columba, A.D. 563. His followers were called Culdees. They also spread the Gospel through the North of England. Wherever Columba went he set up a pile of stones to mark his ministry. One of these piles bears its original name—"Carnan-chul-reh-eirnn," meaning, "the eminence of the back turned towards Ireland." He crossed from Donegal to (Iona) meaning "the Isle of Waves," and founded a monastery there. It rose in time to be the head

of the Christian Church in Scotland, whither the young princes of Scotland and Northumberland were sent for instruction. The nuns lived in a small isle near, called the Isle of Nuns. Their dress was white. They belonged to the Order of Saint Augustine. Three hundred and sixty crosses were demolished there at the time of the



Reformation. MacLean's cross and two others remain. In this enclosure lie the remains of 48 Scottish kings, 8 Norwegian monarchs, 4 kings of Ireland, and one king of France, who wished to be buried in this holy ground, where their ashes would not mix with the dust of the vulgar.

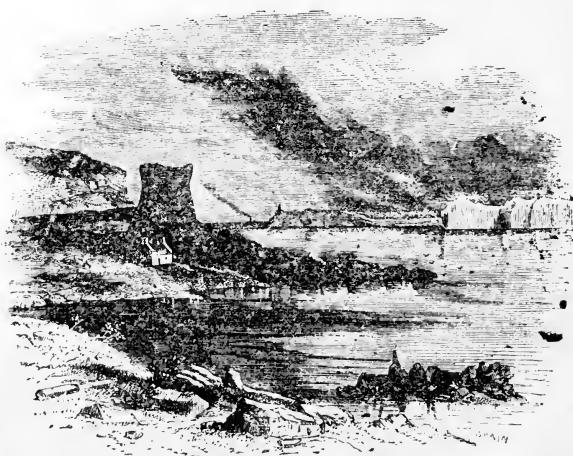
The Island of Iona is two and a half miles long and one mile broad. It was the property of the Duke of Argyle, and a Presbyterian minister preached there once in three months, but the island has recently been sold to an order of French monks.



ANCIENT CHURCH, IONA

PICTS AND SCOTS.

Light-fingered, very bold, and strong and brave,
Fighting their way from cradle unto grave.
In little wicker boats covered with leather,
They'd cross the Friths in very stormy weather,
And tackle even the full-armed, hardy Roman,
And steal, and slaughter child and man and woman,
Till the Saxons came in strength across the main
And drove the Scots to their own land again.

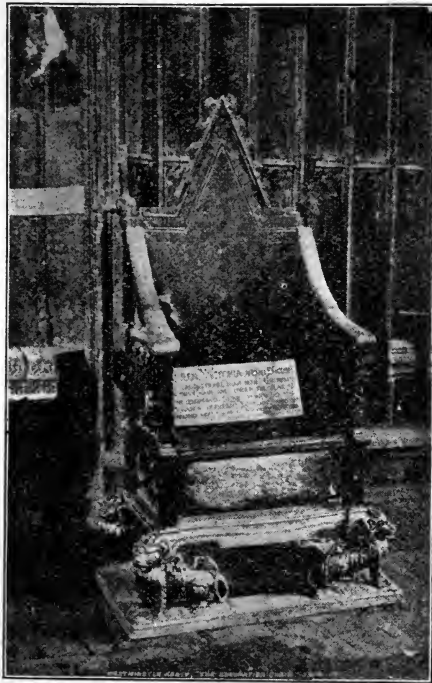


PICTISH TOWER ON THE ISLAND OF MOUSA

FERGUS THE FIRST.

FIRST KING OF SCOTLAND, BEFORE THE CHRISTIAN ERA
330 YEARS.

He reigned 25 years, being constantly at war, and founded a monarchy which lasted over a thousand years. He brought with him from Ireland a rude marble stone, upon which the kings of Scotland were afterwards crowned, and about which there is still a superstitious feeling, as the fate of the Kingdom is supposed to be connected with it. This stone now rests under our King's throne in Westminster Abbey. Fergus was drowned in a harbor which yet retains his name—Carrick Fergus, or Fergus' Craig. I shall now pass over many Kings of Scotland, leaving my readers to search them out in other works, if they are so inclined.



THE CORONATION CHAIR

And underneath it,
The Sacred Stone of Fergus, supposed by some,
To be the stone on which Jacob slept,
When he dreamed of the ladder which reached
From earth to heaven.

DONALD THE FIRST.

A.D. 199.

Donald the First was the first King of Caledonia professing Christianity. He destroyed many heathen temples.

He was also the first Scottish King who coined money. He was the 27th King of Scotland and he reigned 18 years.

This Donald surely set a mark on his age,
 And turned a wondrous leaf in history's page
 By accepting Christ, the source of every good,
 And giving to his nation heavenly food
 To live and grow, and feast on, if they would.
 He also gave "the root of every evil,"
 The coin which turns men's faces to the devil,
 A doubtful good to nation, court and camp,
 For the love of a bit of ore with the royal stamp,
 Drives many manly virtues from the earth,
 Exalting metals far above their worth.

KENNETH MACALPIN.

Of Daldriada. Was sole monarch of the Northern part of Scotland, A.D. 843. Being the sixty-first King of Scotland.

He had four sons: Kenneth, who succeeded him as King of Scotland; Andrew, ancestor of the chief of the MacGregors, founded that clan, Fignon and Gor, ancestors of the chiefs of the clans, MacKinnon and MacQuarrie. Alpin was taken prisoner by the Picts and beheaded, and his head set upon a pole. The place where this tragedy took place is still called Pit-Alpin, and sometimes Pass Alpin, and also Bas-Alpin, meaning "the head of Alpin," and "the death of Alpin."

DUNCAN THE FIRST.

A.D. 1034.

Murdered in broad daylight, at Both-gowan, a smith's hut *not* as recorded by Shakespeare in his noble play, "Macbeth," which I advise the pupil to read.

MACBETH.

Who murdered Duncan, A.D. 1040. Buried in Iona.

MALCOLM THE THIRD—CANMORE.

(GREATHEAD.)

A.D. 1046.

He escaped to England after the death of his father Duncan, and returned after the death of Macbeth. He was married to Margaret, a Saxon princess, daughter of Edmund the Exile, and granddaughter of Edmund Ironside. Now Malcolm Canmore really showed his great head—

When a ship was driven into his port by a gale,
With a lovely Princess he was destined to wed,
He did *not* rob and murder and cause her to wail
(The fashion in his day), but made himself charming,
And wooed the fair lady and coaxed her to stay ;
Took his tide at the flood ('stead of scaring, alarming),
She was Flotson and Jetsam, and floated his way.

He took her with rapture, thanked God for the treasure,
And she taught his rude lassies to spin and be civil,
Supported the church with heaped up, royal measure,
And made a firm stand against all kinds of evil.
It is hard at this distance to know all she taught ;
Those who knew her, pronounce her quite free from all fault ;
We are told that "her silence was full of good thought,
And her speech was of wisdom, the essence and salt."

Malcolm was killed at Alnwick in battle, A.D. 1093, and his widow died in Edinburgh Castle a few days after. He was buried with his Queen in Dumferline Abbey.



ST. MARGARET'S CHAPEL, EDINBURGH
(Some time a powder magazine)

DAVID THE FIRST.

THIRD SON OF MALCOLM CANMORE, CALLED
 "SAINT DAVID."

A.D. 1124.

David the First was married to Matilda, daughter of Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland, granddaughter of William the Conqueror. With her he received the rich Earldoms of Northumberland and Huntingdon. He founded and endowed with many thousand acres of land Melrose Abbey, Holyrood, Dryburgh, Newbattle, Cambuskenneth, Kelso, and Jedburgh Abbeys, besides many monasteries and nunneries.



DAVID THE FIRST

Saint David left many a wonderful mark
 On the country he governed ; in city and town,
 They strike you by moonlight, by daylight, in dark,
 Although he was called a "sair saint for the crown." *

* Verdict of his descendant, James the Sixth : " A sair saint for
 his doings." "

To the church that he loved, gifts costly, immense,
 Mark his name in many a great tower, town and county ;
 His love for the church had no bounds, was intense,
 And his gifts were excessive, astonishing bounty.
 He was found dead in bed with his hands joined in prayer,
 But his great gifts are here still, like glorious gems,
 Crowning barren auld Scotland with beauties most rare,
 Regal, even in ruins, great stone diadems.

He died on the 24th May, 1153, at Carlisle, having reigned
 29 years.



AISLE, MELROSE ABBEY

WILLIAM 'THE LION.'

SO-CALLED FROM THE LION ON HIS SHIELD.

A lion rampant, red on a golden ground.

William was crowned on the 10th December, A.D. 1163, and married at Woodstock, England, Ermengarde, daughter of Viscount Beaumont, on 5th September, 1186.

He was taken prisoner by the English, and carried before Henry the Second, with his feet tied under his horse's belly. His people were very much distressed, and loving the lion more than his den, they gave their strongest forts to the English to set him free, putting a yoke upon themselves, and endangering the liberty of Scotland by owning Henry as "*over-lord*." When Henry died, Richard restored castles, hostages, and written promises, declaring all was gained by violence and fraud, and willingly giving up his title of "*over-lord*." William gave ten thousand marks for Richard's crusade, and sent gold to make up the sum for his ransom, when he was imprisoned by the Duke of Austria ; and these

two lions were most friendly beasts, and the hostile neighbors at peace with each other for once in many centuries.

A dreadful flood destroyed the town of Perth in this reign, drowning the heir of Scotland with his nurse, and sweeping off the Royal Palace and gardens.

William died 4th December, 1214, aged 74. He reigned 49 years. He was the first Scottish king who used armorial bearings.

It is the longest reign in Scottish history.



WILLIAM THE LION'S SHIELD

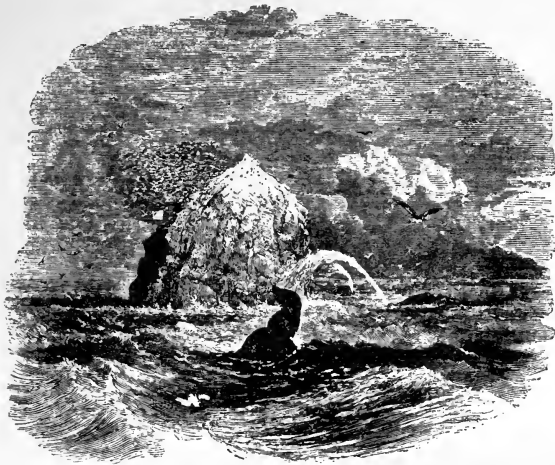
ALEXANDER THE THIRD.

Alexander succeeded to the throne when nine years old. He was crowned at Scone, A.D. 1249, with greater pomp and splendor than any of his predecessors. He was married, first, 20th December, 1250, to Margaret of England, daughter of Henry the Third, and sister of "Longshanks," at York; second, to Joleta, daughter of the Earl of Dreux (or Dreux), 1284. A dreadful apparition, a gigantic and awful ghost, is said to have passed between the bride and bridegroom, at the wedding, foretelling woe to Scotland and her King. He fought the battle of Largs, 1263, by which victory the Hebrides were added to Scotland.

Alexander was a valiant and politic man. His daughter was wedded to the King of Norway, and his sons dying, she became his heir, but died before him. He was the first King of Scotland who used the badge of *the thistle*. He rode one dark night over a cliff in Fife and broke his neck. His rude

and terse elegy is the oldest specimen of Scottish poetry. The rock where the accident occurred is still called "the King's Craig." He was much regretted.

He died on the 19th March, 1285, aged 45, having reigned, with great wisdom and ability, for 37 years. He was the LAST King of the old royal line. The sceptre had been held for eight hundred years by a succession of males, in direct descent, without a break.



ROCKALL

The remotest isle in the Hebrides, and a famous cod fishery, where a bank of cod, eighty miles long, was found.

ELEGY FOR ALEXANDER THE THIRD.

Author Unknown.

Whan Alexander our King was dead,
Who Scotland led in love and le,
Away was wealth of ale and bread,
Of wine and wax, of game and glee,
Then pray to God, since only He
Can succor Scotland in her need
That placed is in perplexity.

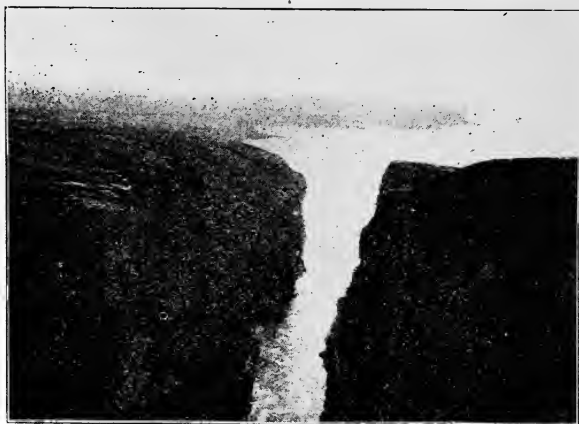
MARGARET.

QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

Called "the Maid of Norway."

Granddaughter of Alexander.

Succeeded A.D. 1285, when two years old, being the 96th Sovereign in direct succession from Fergus, the founder of the monarchy.



RAMNA GIO, SANDWICH, ORKNEY ISLANDS

Unchanged since the days of Margaret.

Fair Northern snowdrop, happy fate was thine,
Floating in soft young beauty o'er the wave ;
Better than throne the mighty heaving brine,
Better than crown, the solemn, peaceful grave.

No trembling prey to fierce and savage men,
Ambitious, factious, selfish and untrue.
Gently to glide away from rock and glen,
The fair, sad Mary might have envied you.

"Whom the gods love die early," it is said,
The Scottish thistle never stabbed *her* hand,
She passed in white this gentle royal maid,
Between old Scotland and her native land.

Betrothed to Edward, first Prince of Wales.

Died on her voyage to Scotland, September, 1290, aged 7 years.

Buried in St. Magnus Cathedral, Orkney.

I now give a rhyme or two of explanation with regard to the state of the country and people of Scotland, when Margaret died, and thirteen competitors held up their hands for the crown, A.D. 1290.

There was serfdom or slavery in Scotland at this period, and for long after. There were serfs of the Barons, and serfs of the Church, not to be confounded with *free* tenants, here described :

LOWLAND TENANTS OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

He who served a bold Baron, had to go where he called him,
And fight in his quarrels by night or by day,
And suffer with him when his enemies mauled him,
And back him whatever the cause of the fray ;
And share his reverses, when the King overhauled him ;
For his wages he'd land to till, plunder and pay ;
But his life was precarious, he might sow and not reap ;
For nobles and gentles held his blood very cheap.

He had his fair share of the beef and the wassail,
His mean little hut sheltered under the wall,
With his wife and his babes, by the lord's stately castle,
But then he *must* back him in tourney and brawl,
And pay him in kind as his servant and vassal,
With his poor little crop and his beasts and his all ;
Be ready when summoned with meat, or with sword,
Or his fish by the sea-shore, and never a word.

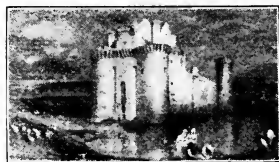
Who rented the church lands had greater protection,
For the curse of the Abbot was dreaded and feared,
And his blessing was valued, few caused him vexation,
'Twas a bold man indeed would take him by the beard ;
Or measure his strength in the way of correction.
As the church tenant worked he was lifted and cheered
By the sound of church bells, and the shade of the tower,
And a sense of its strong and mysterious power.

But if monks were strong both in penance and pardon,
They were all peaceful folk and they called not to arms ;
Within convent walls bloomed both orchard and garden,
The tenants worked safely, and free from alarms ;

They all worked in common, their muscles to harden,
 At brave toil which neither debases or harms.
 Outer church lands, called ENFIELD, were enclosed by a wall,
 The produce was equally shared by them all.

On the broad moors their cattle were herded together,
 And if a man walled in a bit of waste land,
 And grew some good oats there, instead of wild heather,
 That crop was *his own*, you must all understand ;
 Or if he took in a few sheep from the weather,
 Those sheep, giving both meat and wool to his hand
 Were *his own* ; and the monks did not steal them or rifle,
 But for his outwork, they would pay him a trifle.

Thus the church had her vassals who loved peace and money,
 And the barons their vassals, who loved wine and war.
 The monks loved their apples, and pearmains and honey,
 The lords hunting, fighting, and roving afar,
 And feasting, and drinking, and masques rude and funny,
 And would break on the churchmen sometimes with a jar.
 At their delving and pruning, and crooning of chants,
 As they labored from sunrise for their modest wants.



A GREAT BARON'S CASTLE

For life was a struggle, and all men were poor,
 From the brave, blatant lord tearing over the lea,
 The King on his throne, and the tramp at his door,
 The fisher who tossed in his boat on the sea ;
 (But difference in station was never passed o'er
 And distinctions in rank were not such as *we* see).
 Self-reliant and poor were the Scotchmen of old,
 Self-sufficient and hardy, and restless and bold.

The roads were mere bridle paths over the heather,
 The bridges were few and they forded the rivers ;
 They fought and they hunted in all sorts of weather ;
 Their houses were such as would give us the shivers,
 The poor were all crowded in huts close together ;
 The lords in their castles were very coarse livers ;
 A hundred feet long was a great Baron's hall,
 The chimney immense and the windows quite small.

Bagpipes were not used when Bruce fought his great battle,
They did not come in till a good long time after,
But small horns for each soldier added din to war's rattle,
By no means in warfare a subject for laughter,
As they startled and frightened the horses, poor cattle,
Spoiled the aim of the archer, though an excellent shafter,
And created a panic if all blown together,
And laid many a stout horseman low on the heather.

Distilled liquors were at that time never used,
In auld Scotland ; indeed I may say hardly known ;
Foreign wine was approved much and never abused
In old times, as sometimes it is in our own,
And *something* fermented, was drunk and excused
As *poor drink* from wild fruit, of what kind is not known ;
But this home-made brew, was in those day scalled "usky,"
The father, no doubt, of good modern Scotch "whusky."

The soldiers all marched with small bags on their backs,
With the meal for their cakes ; if they met a stray beast,
They would kill him, first covering his head with their Jacks,
Before he could bellow, and make them a feast ;
They would slay him, and flay him with songs, jokes and cracks.
Sew his skin in a bag, not caring the least
To whom he belonged ; fill the bag full of water,
And boil up their supper just after the slaughter.

Their cooking was simple, their beef it was tough,
When they sat by the camp fire to make their good cheer ;
Their morals were bad, and their manners were rough,
Those old Scottish ancestors, whom we hold dear ;
But, my dears, I forbear—I have told you enough—
They are grand in the distance, don't see them too near,
These unpolished diamonds of old savage days—
I have told you enough of their lives and their ways.

JOHN BALLIOL.

Married to Devoirguil, daughter of Lord Galloway.
Crowned at Scone, A.D. 1291, on St. Andrew's Day.

On the death of the Maid of Norway, there were thirteen competitors for the Crown of Scotland, but of these we shall consider only two, John Balliol and Robert Bruce. John Balliol was the grandson of Alexander the Third. Robert

Bruce descended from a younger daughter, also a grandson. England favored the claim of Balliol, and he was crowned as King Edward's vassal, acknowledging him as over-lord and receiving his crown from his hand. Douglas and Sir William Wallace were the only Scottish gentlemen who openly refused to acknowledge Edward's supremacy. Edward having used his tool for a time, claimed the crown for himself, though he had not a shadow of right to it. Scotland was cruelly oppressed, and John Balliol imprisoned. He was a weak man, consenting in a measure to his own degradation.

Sir William Wallace was a man of great strength, heroic courage, untiring energy, and he was exasperated by bitter wrongs. He quickly collected an army, he thoroughly understood the country, and taking short cuts, marched with rapidity from place to place. He was careful of his followers, but as an opponent gave no quarter and bitterly retaliated the cruelties of the English. The Battle of Stirling Bridge, fought 11th September, 1297, was gained by Wallace, against an English army of fifty thousand men. Among the slain was Cressingham, a man so odious to the Scots, that they flayed his dead body and made saddles and girths of his skin.

Wallace was now made regent of Scotland under captive King John, but jealousies arose, he not being of the blood royal, or of great rank, and he resigned. Others took the lead, and were beaten by the English on all sides, and finally utterly routed at the great battle of Falkirk. Wallace, with his small troop of chosen men, held together, and leisurely retreated along the small river Carron. He was spied by young Bruce, grandson of that Robert who had been one of the competitors for the crown in the beginning. He hailed Wallace and demanded a parley; and each dismounting, they met in the middle of the stream, Bruce reproaching Wallace for holding out and prolonging the misery of dying Scotland, saying it was hopeless madness to think that a weak state without a head, could conquer a mighty nation, and a martial monarch. The eloquence of Wallace poured out like a torrent as he stood in the bed of the river. "Prolong Scotland's misery ! I prolong her freedom," he cried, "it is the nobility who desert and destroy her, and chiefly

you, Robert Bruce, who are of the blood royal and should be her head. With such a chief she would never have sunk as she has. Better the nation perish than live in chains. I desire not to outlive the freedom of my country. I speak as Scot to Scot."

The flame kindled an answering spark in the bosom of Bruce.

"There is but one path of honor for you," said Wallace as he turned away, "to die with Scotland if you cannot free her."

He was soon after betrayed by a false friend, Sir John Monteith, and carried in chains to London. He was executed in 1305, with torture, having been tried at Westminster as a traitor.

"I cannot be a traitor," said Wallace, "I never was King Edward's subject."

The envy, which during his life had attended this gallant chief; died with him, and his death roused the Scotch to a deeper hatred of the English, and a desire to avenge the death of their champion.

John Balliol dying soon after, Jan., 1314, and his son a prisoner, young Bruce came forward as the champion of his country.

There is no authentic portrait of Sir William Wallace.

THE BARNs OF AYR.

Either barracks or graneries, authorities differ as to this,
But great, strong, wooden buildings,
This much is clear ;
The English summoned a meeting,
And called the Scottish here ;
They called the Scottish out
Who looked for kindly greeting,
And came without a doubt
To this appointed meeting.
Halters were dangling
Over the barn door,
And as each Scotchman entered,
He was lifted from the floor.

Many lords and gentlemen
Perished in this way ;
For fair Scotland's liberty
A dark, evil day.
Sir William's uncle, Crawford,
Was hanged up that night ;
Wallace vowed vengeance
Complete and outright.
When these evil deeds were done,
The English sat to dine,
And lay down to sleep, o'ercome
With blood, flesh, and wine.
Wallace stole softly up
And made fast the door ;
Not a single Englishman,
Ever came out more.
He lighted up great heaps of straw,
And burned the barns of Ayr,
"For my uncle's death," said he,
"They shall rue sair."
Some Englishmen were sleeping
In the monastery hard by,
Softly rose the prior up,
When the glow was in the sky ;
"Brothers, we are Scotchmen all,
Let not a man flee,
Monks are men, obey my call,
Gar all the English dee."
They struck and not a man escaped,
They gave them such a dressing,
And this is called unto this day
"The Prior of Ayr's blessing."

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

Who lost thy life for Scotland, and thy love
Dearer than life, and slain by treachery ;
All of this name should rise, expand and prove
Noble in life for thy sake and for thee.
Did'st thou not suffer torture, envy, blame,
Poverty, hardship, scorn, reproach and death,
For Scotland cheerfully take loss and shame
And hold thy honor to thy latest breath.

Old Scotland's noblest ruler, though no king,
 Boldest in life and dauntless to the end ;
 Of Scotland's greatest hero let me sing,
 Her unrewarded champion and her friend,
 Giving for his country all that man can give,
 Lived for her freedom, died that she might live.



ROBERT



RUCE.

The name comes from Birse, meaning Bristles.

Born on the 11th July, 1274, at Turnberry Castle, which stood on Turnberry Point (a rock projecting into the sea), on the coast of Ayr ; son of Robert Bruce, descended from the second daughter of Alexander the Third, Lord of Annandale. His mother was Martha, Countess of Carrick in her own right. She was heavily fined for marrying one of the blood royal. Married first to Isabella, daughter of Donald Tenth, Earl of Mar. Secondly to Elizabeth, daughter of De Bourg, Earl of Ulster.

Excommunicated by the Pope, 18th May, 1306.

Crowned at Scone on 25th March, 1307. The crown was placed on his head by the Countess of Buchan who was descended from MacDuff, and whose hereditary right it was to crown the Kings of Scotland.

The Battle of Bannockburn was fought on the 24th June, 1314.

Bruce was 33 years of age when he was crowned ; six feet two inches high ; a strong, active, accomplished man ; fearless in war and lenient and merciful in the hour of victory. He killed Comyn, his enemy, but not in cold blood.

Comyn had betrayed him to King Edward, and, but for his English friend, the Earl of Gloucester, he and his plan for the liberty of Scotland would have fallen to ruin. Gloucester

sent him a pair of gilded spurs, and a purse of gold, which he pretended to have borrowed of him. Bruce took the hint and escaped, the shoes of the horses being put on hind before, to deceive the pursuers. In Scotland he met Red Comyn ; they quarrelled and fought in a church, and Bruce wounded him. Leaving the building, Bruce said to his friend, Kirkpatrick, "I doubt but I have slain Red Comyn."

"Doubt !" cried Kirkpatrick, "Lock sicker" (which means, "I make sure"), and he ran in and murdered the wounded



BRIG O' BALGOWNIE, ACROSS THE DON
Built in the time of Bruce.

man. "Lock sicker" is the motto of the Kirkpatricks. Bruce was excommunicated by the Pope for this act, and did severe penance. He bitterly regretted to the day of his death, not that he had killed Red Comyn, but that he slew him in a church, at the very altar.

He was liberal to the church, and founded a hospital, when his prosperity came.

Bruce was not crowned on the stone of Fergus, which Edward had removed to London, because he knew the veneration with which the Scotch regarded it ; and he had to have a new crown. Lady Buchan, who put it on, was taken prisoner by the English, and shut up in a large cage of iron and wood like a wild beast, and thus exposed to the public for many months.

Bruce lost seven battles. His wife and daughter were prisoners in England. He wandered about with a few fol-

lowers for months, with only such food as they could catch and cook for themselves. His brother Nigel was killed, and he was pursued by a bloodhound, and escaped by wading in streams to destroy the scent. His own bloodhound was used to find him. It was at this time the spider comforted Bruce, a story every school boy knows. Longshanks died ; he tried once more, and this time all Scotland was with him in feeling. He raised an army of fifty thousand men, and the English brought one hundred thousand to oppose him. Maurice, Abbot of Inchaffry, preached, prayed, exhorted his countrymen, and roused them to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and passing bare-footed in front of the army the night before the battle, blessed them as they knelt. Bruce addressed them afterwards, riding along the lines without armour, on a shaggy little pony, and Bohun, an English Knight, seeing him, galloped out of the opposing ranks to kill him or make him flee. Bruce turned the pony and advanced to meet Bohun, avoiding his charge with the lance, rose in his stirrups, and with one mighty stroke of the battle axe on his skull, felled him to the ground in full sight of both armies.



BANNOCKBURN

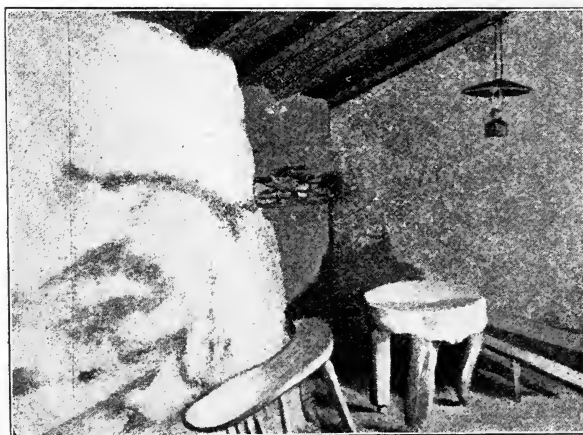
Bruce had chosen the battle ground, making great pitfalls, and covering them lightly with turf during the night. He waited to be attacked, standing on the defensive. The English cavalry came thundering on at a hand gallop, and fell headlong into the pits prepared for them, and to increase the confusion the Scottish horns blew a mighty and discordant blast, as they steadily advanced. The English were beaten with a great slaughter in a shorter time than it took to gain Flodden ; and Bruce chased the flying army even to Dunbar. If that fortress had not protected him, King Edward would have been taken

prisoner. Thirty thousand of the English fell, twenty-seven great Barons, two hundred Knights, and seven hundred Squires. And this was the victory o Bannockburn. In a few days Stirling Castle was in the hands of Bruce, and also the Privy Seal of England.

His noble struggle for the independence of Scotland gained him the love of his subjects, but peace was not restored for many years, and Bruce with all his power and popularity, had sometimes great difficulty in checking the insolence of his own nobility. Once they drew their swords in his presence and said, "By these we gained our lands, and by these we will keep them, and gain more."

Black Douglas, the noblest of his name and race, was the friend of Bruce all through. He burnt his own house with everything in it rather than have it fall into the hands of the English, saying, "I would rather hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak," and went forth to fight, a homeless man.

King Robert the Bruce died of a kind of scurvy, which was called leprosy then (caused by hardship and poor living in the time of his distress), on the 7th of June, A.D. 1329, aged 54 years. He reigned 22 years.



THE CAVE CHURCH AT LEDAIG, NEAR OBAN

(The most primitive church in the kingdom.)

The table made from the trunk of a tree upon which Robert Bruce once rested.

His body was wrapped in a winding sheet of cloth of gold and buried in Dumferline Abbey. He desired his heart to be taken to the Holy Land, but the people who had charge of it never got there, and it is buried beneath the high altar at Melrose.

His skeleton was uncovered by an accident in the reign of George the Third, 1818, and hundreds flocked to see, and even touch, the mighty frame of Scotland's deliverer—her greatest and noblest King. The bones were unusually large. They were re-interred with all reverence.

He left an infant son, David, another son, Robert, and four daughters, Margery, Margaret, Matilda, and Elizabeth. Many noble families are descended from Bruce, as well as our King.



BANNOCKBURN.

What Scot that loves true freedom, can recall
The ringing of the arms at Bannockburn
Without a thrill of triumph and delight ?
The death of base Bohun before the hosts !
That prayer before the day of awful battle,
The hush as every Scottish soldier kneeled
And prayed for freedom and for victory !
"They kneel, they ask for mercy !" cried King Edward.
"They do," replied his friend, "but not from us ;
They cry to God. These men will die on the field
If not victorious."

The darkness fell and covered both great armies.
Did the English soldiers dream of those pitfalls
Prepared to hurl them to eternity ? And base Monetith,
To whom great Bruce had given another chance,
What were his thoughts that night ? Did he repent,
That treacherous act to Scotland's noblest champion
That he fought so bravely on the following day ?

The troops on both sides rested on their arms
Beside the babbling brook of Bannockburn,
The Scotch on the defensive, and prepared
As the mighty enemy came thundering on ;
But God was not with *them*, and Bruce was destined
To found another, newer race of kings,
And to ensure the liberty of Scotland
Once and forever.

All women should reverence the Bruce,
Crowned by a woman ; the woman's champion,
Who stopped an army once to rescue her,
In dire distress and helpless misery.



DAVID THE SECOND.

Son of Robert Bruce and Queen Elizabeth, his second wife.
Born at Dumferline Castle, 5th March, 1323.

Crowned in the year of our Lord 1330, but his right to the throne was for a time disputed by Edward Balliol, the son of John, brought forward by Edward of England, which caused civil war. David was a child, and a regent governed Scotland.

Married first, Joan, daughter of King Edward the Second of England, 12th July, 1328, in Berwick. His royal wife died in 1357. The Scots called her "Joanna Make Peace," because the Ragman Roll, containing the names of all those Scotchmen who had paid homage to Edward, was restored, with Joan, as well as important deeds and charters, which Edward the First had carried away. Married secondly, Jean Logie, a beautiful Scotch woman, much beneath him in rank. He had no children, and was a kind of failure, unworthy of his great and noble father, yet because he was his father's son, regarded with

great veneration by his people. He died in Edinburgh Castle, February 22nd, 1371, aged 47. Buried in Dumferline Abbey.



ROBERT THE SECOND.

First of the House of Stewart. His mother was Margery Bruce, daughter of Robert Bruce and his first wife. She married Walter, Steward of Scotland. The Stewarts were of Welsh descent, Stewart meaning literally "high stay" or "support." Born 2nd March, 1316. Succeeded his uncle, David, February, 1371. Crowned at Scone, 26th March, 1371. He had been twice Steward of Scotland. A very bitter feeling existed at this time against the English, who were constantly alluded to as "the auld enemy."

The King married, first, Elizabeth More, daughter of Sir Adam More; second, Euphemia, daughter of the Earl of Ross. He was one of the ablest Kings of Scotland, and very skilful in managing his fierce, half-savage, jealous nobility, who were turbulent and restless at this time. Douglas disputed his claim to the throne, being also descended from the old royal family of Scotland, of which dispute we shall see more later on.

The Battle of Otterbourne (Chevy Chase) was fought 21st July, 1388. The King died at Dundonald Castle, 12th April, 1390, aged 74. He was buried at Scone, leaving behind him sixteen children, sons and daughters.

John, because of the conduct of John Balliol, and the bad character of John of England, assumed the name of

ROBERT THE THIRD.

Succeeded to the throne 12th April, 1390.

[Married to the Lady Annabella, of the noble house of Drummond.]

^Crowned at Scone with his Queen, August 13th, A.D. 1390.



NORTH INCH BATTLE GROUND OF THE CLANS—
QUELE AND CHATTAN.

The contest between Clan Chatton and Clan Kaye or Queale, took place at Perth, on Easter Monday, 1396. Ten men remained of Clan Chattan and one of Clan Kaye or Quele; thirty men fought on each side.

^The King was a well-meaning, timid, indolent man, ruled by his brother, the Duke of Albany.

King Robert died on the 29th of March, 1406, in the Castle of Rothsay, Isle of Bute, having reigned nearly fifteen years.

He is buried in Paisley Abbey.

In this reign we see the first dawn of the Reformation in Scotland, for John Resby, an English priest of the school of Wickliffe, was burnt in Perth, with his books.

JAMES THE FIRST.

Succeeded 16th March, 1406.

Imprisoned in England at Windsor Castle, for nineteen years. His uncle, the Duke of Albany, was Regent in Scotland until 1420, when he died at the age of 80. During his regency those famous Scottish adventurers, or Soldiers of Fortune, first went abroad to fight for other powers, and soon became remarkable throughout Europe for courage and faithfulness. The Battle of Harlaw was fought between Donald of the Isles and the Earl of Mar, who led the King's troops. It was decisive, for upon the return of King James, Donald acknowledged him as over-lord. Prostrating himself before the King, bare-footed in his shirt, he laid his sword at his feet, and swore allegiance to him in Holyrood Chapel, before the High Altar, on Easter Day, 1425.

King James married Lady Joanna Beaufort, niece of King Henry the Fourth of England, in Southwark, England, 1st April, 1424.

Crowned at Scone, with his Queen, 24th May, 1424.

After his return, Parliament met fifteen times, and "justice was done to rich and poor, without fraud or favor."



SCOTTISH ARCHER

This James was a genius and a scholar, He is called "the father of Scottish music," and his verses are read with pleasure even to this day. He was greatly loved by the common people, and led their games and sports. He made Scotland more abreast with the age.



JAMES THE FIRST OF SCOTLAND

He was murdered in the Palace Apartments of the old Abbey of Black Friars, Perth, late at night on the 29th day of February, 1437, by Lord Athol, his grandson, Robert Stewart, Robert Graham, and others, thirty men in all. Graham struck the first blow, and wounded the Queen. Two men were killed in the King's defence, Patrick Dunbar and Walter Stratton; and four ladies were wounded. The King had dismissed his guards, having come to Perth, where he was very popular, for rest and a holiday, and feeling no fear. There is a fragment of a rhyme still sung in Perth, popular at that time among the common people, beginning—

“ Robert Graham,
That slew our King,
God give him shame,” etc.

The Pope's Nuncio begged the Queen to remit torture, in executing the murderers, but without effect.

King James wrote "King's Quhair," "Christ's Kirk on the Green," and a humorous piece called "The Gaberlunzie Man." He composed music, and had organs placed in the royal

chapels ; improved the archery of the soldiers, and gave them a better uniform. In trying to make the Parliament help him to govern the country for its good, he was before his age.

The University of St. Andrews was founded in this reign, 1413. James was rather below the middle size, strong and active, had fair hair and grey eyes.

Aged 44, having reigned in person, after his return to Scotland, thirteen years.

The verse called the "Gaberlunzie Man" has been attributed to James the Fifth, but it was sung and recited a hundred years before his time.

SPECIMENS OF THE POETRY OF KING JAMES.

THE GARDEN AT WINDSOR.

FROM "KING'S QUHAIR (OR CHOIR).

"So thick the boughis, and the leavis greene,
Be-shaded all the alleys that were there,
And mids of every arbour might be seen,
The sharpe, greene, sweete juniper,
Growing so fair with branches here and there,
So that it seemed to a liffe without,
The boughis spread the arbour all about.

"And on the small, greene twisties sat
The little sweete nightingale and sung,
So loud and clear the hymnis consecrat
Of loves use, now soft, now loud among
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right with that song.

"Mid there with cast I down mine eyes again,
Whereat I saw, walking under the tower,
Full secretly, now coming here, and plain
The fairest and the freshest young flower*
That ere I saw, methought before this hour."

* Lady Joanna Beaufort.

OPENING LINES OF THE "GABERLUNZIE MAN."

The pawky auld carle cam ower the lea,
Wi' mony good-e-ens and good-morrows to me,
Saying, Kind sir, for your courtesy,
Will ye lodge a silly, poor man ?

JAMES THE SECOND.

Called "Fiery face," from a birthmark on his cheek.

Born 1430. Crowned at the age of seven, at Holyrood, Edinburgh, March 25th, 1437. Married to Mary, daughter of Arnold, Duke of Gueldres, when he was 18 years old, June 20th, 1448. The Regents who ruled for the little "Fiery face" were at open feud, and tried the patience of the Queen mother beyond endurance by their constant, unseemly squabbles. Both were men of rank and not without virtue, but were envious of each other, and would not act together; so the Queen mother packed the little King in a laundry basket—he thought it was a game—and had him out of their hands without an opposing word, before he was missed, or they dreamed of her intention. She fled to Stirling Castle with her child, and this act reconciled the Regents, and they turned against her. Then came civil war and one trouble after another. Lachlan MacLean broke out with fire and sword, and ravaged Lennox. It caused great misery; famine and pestilence came; the earth was neglected; no man dared to till the ground or sow. When MacLean was at last checked and driven back to his mountains, there was neither game nor grain left. The Queen and Regents had hardly time to take breath, when a feud broke out between a Stewart and a Boyd; they met with little armies and murdered each other. This was an evil, however, which cured itself, as they fought till nearly every man was destroyed on both sides. It was fifty years before these clans could recruit and gather head again to be of any account in war.

Then the Earl of Huntly, having a spite at Elgin town, burnt it to the ground, sparing only the houses of his friends.

'Half done, as Elgin was burnt' passed into a proverb. This difficulty was hardly settled when a formidable rebellion against the crown, which lasted many years, broke out in Scotland. I have said that the family of Douglas disputed the Stuart's claim to the throne, they also being descended from the old royal family of Scotland. Douglas now formed a league with other noblemen, and nearly succeeded in erecting a separate principality within the kingdom. He created knights, appointed Privy Councillors, and officers, civil and military, and was very persistent and exasperating in his rebellion against the King. Two young Douglas lads—it was an act of bravado—came within the royal domain. The Regents courteously invited them to see the King—a boy just in his teens—who received them cordially and played games with them, thinking to heal the feud and make peace. He asked them to dine with him, and when the feast was spread, a bull's head was placed on the table: now a black bull's head meant a sign of *instant death*. The King wept and pleaded for them in vain, even on his knees; he would have saved the poor doomed boys had he been able. They were taken out and beheaded on the castle green, those who invited them having cruelly broken faith. Then Douglas' envy rose to retribution, and jealousy was succeeded by bitter hate; he and his followers were *one* in this determination to pull the Stuart from his throne.

King James grew up 'mid constant civil strife, but at last he was of age, free from Regents, and his own master. He tried to make peace with the house of Douglas, making many concessions to heal old wounds, and expressing sincere regret for the death of the lads. He forgave and passed over insults again and again, exasperating even to a meek man, and James was a proud and fiery one. He pleaded and remonstrated, but with no avail; it was war to the knife; his efforts were all in vain. Douglas caught and beheaded one of his dearest friends, and pursued another, intending to take his life, to the very gates of Edinburgh, and formed a league with other Lords for perpetual strife with James, till Douglas should be King of all Scotland. James still cherished hope of a peaceable settlement. He bid Douglas to "a peaceable conference"

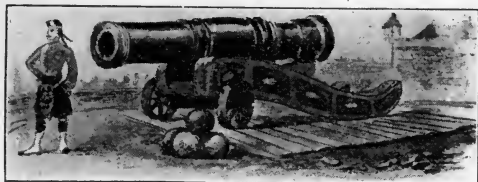
at Stirling Castle, and Douglas came under the King's "safe conduct," a written document promising security in the royal name. James did this against the advice of his friends, and Douglas accepted the invitation against the advice of *his*; the followers of James declaring that there would be no peace in Scotland till Douglas was dead, and the adherents of the rebel Lords saying that there would be no luck for the house of Douglas till the Stuart was off the throne.

No followers of Douglas were admitted to the Castle; he entered alone; but they filled the town of Stirling from end to end, they waited at the Castle gates in swarms. King James received Earl Douglas *as a friend*, and they feasted together, and both partook of a great deal of flesh and wine before their "peaceable conference" began. At first they were all courtesy and civility, but very soon each was an angry man. The King demanded that the league against him should be broken, Douglas utterly refusing. They moved from the table quarrelling to a recess in the hall, many noblemen following in silence, and the royal servants both within hearing and call. At last King James cried out, "By heaven, if you will not break the league, *this shall*," and he struck him angrily with his sheathed dagger; and rushing forward, the servants struck him, too, with their naked blades, and he was killed in one instant before he could draw his sword. That blow left a deeper and more indelible stain upon the King than the birthmark which disfigured him.

The "*safe conduct*" was trailed at the heels of a poor old horse through Stirling town by the savage Douglas men, who burnt every dwelling and reduced the place to ashes, besieging the Castle, cursing the King and his race, and demanding their master's corpse. But the Castle was too strong to be taken; the Douglas power was broken at last, and the league dissolved. The new Earl of Douglas was an indolent man, and took no step for revenge. King James for the first time in his life had peace, and turning his back upon past sins and blunders gave his mind to his people's good, with so much energy that Scotland was growing quite prosperous when he died.

The University of Glasgow was founded in 1454, and the King amended the law protecting the property of widows and

minors, and was a power on the right side, by his own example, to the helpless and weak, generously making poor widows and orphans his care, ever humane to feeble folk, with a tender, chivalrous grace, which is neither ancient nor modern, but very rare in any age.



ANCIENT CANNON
 "MONS MEG," EDINBURGH CASTLE
 Contemporary of "*The Lion*."

He was killed by the bursting of a cannon at the siege of Roxborough, 1460. He had as short a shrift as Douglas, for he died instantly. The cannon was called "*The lion*."

The Queen was in the camp at the time, and this stolid German lady stepped forward with her little boy by the hand, and wiping the tears from her eyes, thus addressed the chiefs and soldiers :—"We have lost our lord the King; let us not lose the Castle also, but press the siege. *Here is another King*." They heard her speech with roars of applause, and soon took the Castle, and razed it to the ground.

A stone marks the spot where the King fell. He was a handsome man in spite of the red mark, tall and distinguished in appearance, and very impulsive and hot of temper.

He died at the age of thirty, having reigned nearly twenty-four years. He was buried in Holyrood Chapel, Edinburgh.



JAMES THE THIRD.

BORN 1454.

Crowned when seven years old, A.D. 1460, at Kelso.

Married to Margaret, Princess of Denmark and Norway, July, A.D. 1469. The Islands of Orkney and Zealand were ceded as a marriage portion to Scotland.



KING JAMES THE THIRD AND HIS WIFE AND SON

James the Third was timid, fond of money, and not a fighter. War, violent games, and other customs, deemed glorious in his time, were constantly discouraged by him. He found gold in Scotland and worked a mine, and coins (now rare) were made, called "the unicorn."

He did not care greatly for hunting, though his wife did, and was a good horsewoman. He had a black chest full of solid gold, coins, cutlery, jewels, and plate, like a modern

millionaire with his safe, and in this he took great delight. He was quite a twentieth century man in his tastes, but was very unpopular with the nobility, and consorted mostly with men of inferior rank, who flattered and led him astray, setting him against his relations. Building and "gathering gear" seemed to be all his delight, and as time went on he grew more greedy of pelf and meddled with Priory property—a great mistake, as the clergy now joined with the nobles to rebel against him, and he was not a man to shine in war. His son was in the hands of his enemies, and they set this bit of a boy up against his father. James gathered an army to



THE OLD MAN OF HOY, ORKNEY ISLANDS
400 feet high

fight his rebels, but there were traitors in his own camp. He was given a vicious horse. It threw him, and he was very badly hurt ; he thought he was dying, and asked for a priest. One, real or pretended, came, and, kneeling down beside him, stabbed him to the heart. The murderer was never found. The body of the King was huddled away secretly, it is not known where. The nobility openly rejoiced. The young King at first refused to reign, but the truth came out, and he was crowned. He was very penitent, deeply grieved and ashamed of rebelling against his father, and it cast a sombre cloud over his life.

King James the Third was murdered at Beaton Mill, in the village of Bannockburn, the day of the battle of Sauchie Burn, June 18th, 1488. The Royal Standard, with the lion, was displayed on both sides. He was thirty-four years old, a tall, handsome, dark-eyed man, strong and athletic in body, but indolent. Place of burial uncertain. He had a critical knowledge of music and great taste in the fine arts. There is a fine painting of him, with his family (the picture above). He gave a splendid flag to Edinburgh, greatly prized by the citizens to this day, and fondly called "the auld blue blanket."

They hushed it up, the murderer was never found,

The King was huddled away, it is not known where;
There was never a word in this case of holy ground,
Though numbers knew the truth, they did not care.

The young King refused to reign, but the truth came out,
And the boy was solemnly crowned at the age of sixteen ;
And except the young lad all rejoiced with a mighty shout
At what seemed a desirable change of person and scene.

King James the Fourth has been severely blamed,
For his father's death, though only a bit of a boy ;
He was very penitent, deeply grieved and shamed ;
It cast a sombre cloud o'er his young life's joy.



ROUNDING FITFUL HEAD—THE STORMIEST POINT IN SCOTLAND
ORKNEY

JAMES THE FOURTH.

"Dool and wae for the order,
 Sent our lads to the border,
 The English for ance by guile won the day;
 The flowers of the forest,
 That fought aye the foremost,
 The pride of our iand is cauld in the clay."

—Old song, *Flowers of the Forest*.

Born 1472. Crowned at Edinburgh, 24th June, A.D. 1488, at the age of sixteen. Married to the Princess Margaret of England, eldest daughter of Henry the Seventh, 4th January, A.D. 1502. A treaty of "*perpetual peace*" was made between the two countries.

King's College, Aberdeen, was founded in this reign, 1494.

Agile and strong was this King James,
 Enjoyed the most ferocious games,
 Loved war and wine, music and dames,
 Loved dancing, fun and glee;
 Half Norseman was this gallant Prince,
 And no man e'er ruled Scotland since,
 As wild of blood as he.

He made a navy for h's land,
 And built great ships along the strand,
 Placing them under the command
 Of gallant Admiral Wood;



JAMES AS A CHILD

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF SCOTLAND

He'd leap to his horse from off the ground
Scorning all aid, at one great bound,
And follow him who could.

He'd gallop half the live-long day,
Or hunt and shoot the light away,
Then wear an iron belt and pray*
In fits of sore remorse,
He'd drink and revel night by night,
And dance and sing, and play and fight
With all his heart and force.

He tore away at furious pace,
Joyous of heart, and gay of face,
His nobles joining in the race
To meet his English bride;
Sitting behind his back she came.
And thus he brought her "gently hame,"
In a slow, quiet ride.

Fountains ran wine upon her path,
And she was decked with many a wreath,
And Highlanders fought to the death
To grace her bridal feast,
And bagpipes droned where'er she went ;
A mighty stag-hunt marked the event
With noise of man and beast.

Those coins in his late father's chest,
Were scattered out for many a feast,
King James not heeding in the least,
Light come (with him), light go.
But when he drew them out for war,
Council and Queen, friends far and near,
With one accord, said, "No."

He was warned in a church at dead of night,
Of sore defeat, and death, and flight,
If he with England went to fight,
But this King did not care.
Spectres appeared at his gay treats,
Visions assailed him in the streets,
And voices in the air.

*In penance for the death of his father.

He broke his council up in wrath,
He swept objections from his path,
His message sped o'er rock and heath,
 To gather at his call ;
With their provisions at their back,
Full fifteen thousand men poured back.
 With him to stand or fall.

Mournful the thought of that sad day,
When James in martial, proud array
Marched his imperious, headlong way,
 To woful Flodden Field,
The flower of Scotland following on.
Nobles and gentles, sire and son,
 To die, but never yield.



TWISEL BRIDGE

In pure bravado, pride and scorn,
'Gainst prayers, entreaties, wails forlorn,
Remonstrances all overborne,
 James went his wilful way.
On "the auld enemy" he burst,
And challenged him to do his worst,
 On his last living day.

A long and most determined fight,
 That did not end till darkest night,
 Both armies in a desperate plight,
 In that last stormy hour,
 Struggling and wrestling foot to foot,
 A most "dour" tussle, branch and root,
 And hand to hand for power.

With broken sword in his right hand,
 James made a last heroic stand
 Surrounded by his veterans grand,
 Stout, furious, but in vain ;
 For wife, or child, or Scottish land,
 Its misty hills, its stormy strand,
 He'll never see again.

Mid heaps of slain, they found him there,
 Clotted with blood his auburn hair ;
 And fixed in death his last fierce stare ;
 No kingdom now or crown :
 The jewelled dirk, the torquoise ring,
 Of this bright, gay, audacious King,
 Are still in London town.*

The approving roar of martial throngs,
 His desperate sorrows, blunders, wrongs,
 His dances, and his light love songs
 Which made men smile or weep ;
 His nobles and his peasants brave,
 All heaped in one untimely grave—
 All gone with one great sweep.

Killed in the Battle of Flodden, 9th September, 1513, aged 42, fighting on foot. He was twice wounded with arrows, and at last struck in the neck with a bill, by an unknown hand. The Earls of Montrose, Crawford, Argyle and Lennox lay dead near the King. Also the French ambassador, and the King's natural son, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, a fine lad of eighteen, who had pleaded to come and see the fight. There fell with him two bishops, two mitred abbots, twelve earls, thirteen lords, five eldest sons of peers, and the number of Scottish gentlemen slain was beyond calculation. The English lost five thousand men, the Scots ten thousand. The Earl of Surrey (who commanded the English), failing to

*At Herald's College.

break the Scottish centre, drew off his exhausted troops when the darkness fell ; but hearing much bustle in the Scottish camp, and feeling they had more fight in them, he had picked men stand to their arms all night, expecting an attack, or a battle the first thing in the morning. But the Scotch had forded the Tweed and made a rapid retreat to their own country ; only the dead and dying remained when the dawn came. King James was buried in the monastery of Shene, Surrey, England, after lying above ground fifteen years, embalmed, and rolled in lead—being under sentence of excommunication by the Pope when he died.

River Rhyme, written soon after Flodden, still repeated by children in that neighborhood :—

Said Tweed to Till,
“What gars ye rin sae still ?”
Said Till to Tweed,
“Though ye rin with speed,
And I rin slaw,
Yet where ye droon ae man,
I droon twa.

The pupil is advised to read of this battle in Marmion, and also Pitscottie's account, and Pinkerton's History.



THE EARL OF SURREY

JAMES THE FIFTH.

CALLED "KING OF THE COMMONS."

Born on the 12th of April, 1512.

Crowned at Scone, A.D. 1513, at the age of two.

Married, 2nd May, 1537, in Paris, to Magdalen, daughter of Francis, King of France. (The lady died on the 22nd of July of the same year.)

Married secondly, to Mary of Guise, widow of Louis of Orleans, January, 1538.

When "the auld blue blanket," drooping, soiled with blood,

Told of our loss, our woe, our sore defeat,

Women rushed forth without the plaid and snood,

Wailing and crying broke from every street.

The dismal truth came home to every heart,

As the silent messenger paced on before,

The gallant army which they saw depart,

Their King—their bonnie lads—would come no more.

But all the men in Scotland were not dead ;

Ere sun set King James was proclaimed at the ancient cross,

The women were told to stop screaming and cover their head,

It would "set them better to pray" in their skaith and loss.*

They were bidden to go to the churches, and kneel and pray,

For "our lads in the army," our King—poor little child,

And that God in his grace keep the enemy away,

And the King brought forth in his mourning finery, smiled.

We have all of *this* James, from his first words "pay day lin,"†

To his last sad groan when he turned and covered his face ;

In the whole of his life all is clear, nothing blurred or dim,

Or the least obscure or difficult to trace.‡

* Words of the proclamation.

† "Play David Lindsay."

‡ He laughed when crowned, in the midst of grave faces and sad hearts.

The Earl of Athol once feasted this boy and his mother,
In a forest lodge in the depths of a mighty wood.
It was sumptuously furnished from one end to the other,
And the tables supplied with everything that was good.

Brought through a roadless wilderness, hundreds of miles,
On the backs of horses, for nothing on wheels could get there ;
They hunted and danced, and feasted and prayed 'tween whiles,
For a Legate from Rome was with them to mope and fret there.

They stayed ten days, and Lord Athol paid for his guests,
Three thousand pounds a day, to make them glad ;
And delighted they were, with his strange and novel feasts,
Ending in a show, which made many think him mad.

As they climbed the hill, and looked back at the hall in the night
Where they had been merry, it suddenly burst into flames.
"A bonfire, your Grace," cried Athol, "for your delight ;
No vulgar guest shall profane it after King James."

He kissed the boy's hand, who laughed, and others smiled,
Though the Legate frowned, and Queen Margaret looked grave.
"Thou should'st not have gone to such cost," said she, "for a child,
Though, my lord, I allow your show to be splendid and brave."

The King grew a gay, handsome man, intelligent, bright,
But obstinate, hard, implacable, in his dislike ;
He hated the Douglas with all his heart and might,
And when he was angry, he did not speak, but strike.

The Douglas had kept him a prisoner when a boy,
And the words then spoken to James he never forgave.
He burnt Janet Douglas for witchcraft, and sought to destroy
The whole race of Douglas, and lay them in the grave.

He had Johnnie Armstrong hanged—a prince of a thief
Without the least hesitation or regret,
And accepted the gory head of MacKenzie's chief,
With a genuine joy, that shocks one even yet.

This James was much respected, obeyed and feared,
But not so well loved as the King who went before him,
Yet lived a stirring, bustling life, which cheered
Old Scotland ; and all ladies did adore him.

He sailed round the country (he had its good at heart)
To take a personal survey of the coast ;
And succeeded in making a very accurate chart :
And he worked the mines, at great expense and cost.

Got help from Germany ; these mines were his pride,
And a beautiful coin was made from the Scottish gold,
(For gold and silver were found near the upper Clyde)
And a pretty tale of this "bonnet piece" is told.

To a rude old fortress,* not very far from the mine,
Where a goodly store of the precious ore was hoarded,
The King asked some foreign ambassadors to dine,
And promised "such fruits as the country afforded."

And after huge haunches of venison, and barons of beef,
Small covered dishes were set before each guest,
With an oat-cake, bottle of wine, and a thistle leaf,
And they were courteously pressed to conclude their feast.

When the lids were lifted, each small dish displayed,
Gold bonnet pieces up to the very brim,
And the King in high good humor playfully prayed
His honored guests to keep these pictures of him.

This King had a passion for hunting; in two long days
He, and his train slew five hundred great red deer,
And cooked nearly half their spoil by a monstrous blaze
Of forest fires, and sang and made good cheer.

Gold cups filled with gold dust, were given at his nuptial feasts,
As favors to those who would surely enjoy such an honor,
For they were bestowed on "the ladies and the priests
Who said Amen" to his joy, and made glad the donor.

King James liked practical jokes, and quaint disguises,
And many queer tales are told of his freaks in this way ;
He was musical, too, and liked to give gifts and surprises,
Of joy, to those he loved in his happy day.

But dark days came, the heretics bored and bothered him,
He quarrelled with his nobles and tried to check their power,
And the priests—to use a Yorkshire phrase—"clean dothered him"
When he heard their arguments in an evil hour.

*Crawford Castle.

And finding he had been duped by Cardinal Beaton,
Let drive at him with his dagger without a word.
This wily churchman was saved by a noble Seaton,
Though in the end he was destined for the sword.

King James's two little sons died in one day;
All his fortune forsook him with the death of his mother,
And he **grew** morbid, to mental gloom a prey,
And had horrible dreams of one thing and another.

He made war. Had he led in person with regal might,
It surely would have been Flodden or Bannockburn ;
But without "auld guid bluid," the soldiers would not fight,
They refused to draw sword "under a base-born man."*

Without one blow, they were beaten at Solway Moss ;
The King never tasted food or looked up again,
But took to his bed heart-broken at this cross,
And died in bitter humiliation and shame.

For one hundred years no Scotch king had died in bed ;
He heard of his daughter's birth—'twas another blow,
Because it was not a son—he shook his head—
(For girls didn't count in those days for much, you know)

And turned his face to the wall, and spoke no more.
Then Beaton took his stiffened, powerless hand
And signed a paper no man had seen before,
Making *himself* the Regent of the land.

Died at Falkland Palace, December, 1542, aged 31.

He instituted the College of Justice, or Supreme Court of Scotland, a beneficial measure, though unpopular, as the nobles did not want justice. He did away with the religious inquisition before he died. He re-built Linlithgow Palace, and greatly beautified Stirling. He had coined from Scottish gold forty-eight thousand pounds sterling. Many valuable and beautiful stones were found in Scotland in this reign.

*Oliver Sinclair.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

“Oh, little did my mother think
 The day she cradled me,
 O’ the lands I was to travel in,
 Or the death I was to dee.”
 —Old Ballad.

Daughter of James the Fifth and his second wife Mary of Guise.

Born on the 8th day of December, A.D. 1542, at the Palace of Linlithgow, Scotland.

Crowned at Stirling Castle, September 9th, A.D. 1543.

On a cold and gloomy night in bleak December,
 Eight days before the King breathed out his life,
 Came the “fair daughter,”* whom all men remember
 For beauty, sorrow, tragedy and strife.

But nine months old, when Bruce’s thorny crown
 Was held above her tearful baby face,†
 By the Cardinal, while castle, rock and town
 Rang with the shouts of “God protect Her Grace.”

Now at the period this poor child was born,
 The land was rent and rocked from side to side
 By religious faction, hatred, wroth and scorn,
 Intolerance, rancour, cruelty and pride.

Worst of all pride, self-righteousness, which says,
 “All other men are wrong, and I am right,”
 Most terrible and evil were those days,
 No quarter given, in this inveterate fight.

Henry demands the royal baby’s hand
 For his young son, Edward the Prince of Wales,
 And sends a hostile fleet to Scottish strand,
 To burn and plunder there in case he fails.

*Message to the dying king : “ I give you joy of a fair daughter.”

† The tears were regarded as a bad omen.

King Henry died, but Edward still kept on
In his rough wooing, like a bold marauder,
And in the name of Bluff King Harry's son,
Did eighteen thousand men march o'er the border.

"I like the match, but hate the mode of wooing."
Said the Earl of Huntly, buckling on his sword;
"These lads who come, come to their own undoing,"
And Scotland echoed back that very word.

In anger wild and fierce the nation rose,
And met the English not so far from Leith,
In a short and furious battle; at the close
Ten thousand of the Scots lay cold in death.*

The little Queen was brought from Stirling Palace,
A moonlight flitting made n haste and fear,
To an Isle in Lake Monteith, to avoid their malice.
I am glad to think she was very happy there.

Her merry mode of living did not vary,
She ran and romped, and danced upon the green;
Four noble little maidens all named Mary
Were friends and playmates for auld Scotland's Queen

One night she was hurried off for safer keeping
To strong Dumbarton, with her little court,
On fleet trained horses: all the children sleeping
When they arrived within the royal fort.

For months the young ones played 'mid clank of arms,
And childish laughter mixed with martial hum,
The shrill trump and the noise of war alarms,
With the harsh bagpipe, and the tuck of drum.

With muffled oars a boat stole in one night
Swiftly and silently up the Frith of Clyde;
The little birds were all prepared for flight,
And royal Edward doomed to lose his bride.

Three French ships tacked, and turned, and lurked abroad,
Waiting the Queen, and ere the break of day,
Guardians and nurse and babes were all aboard,
The sails were spread, and Mary far away.

*Pinkie.

Flying before her foes to sunny France ;
 The wind was with her and she sped along,
 Blythe as a lady in a country dance,
 Her passage swift and happy as a song.

The King of France received with regal splendor
 And deep congee, this Queen of six years old,
 And noble maids and matrons now attend her,
 Thus the first part of Mary's tale is told.

War for six long years in the land of Bruce,
 War from the day she was born without a truce.



DUMBARTON CASTLE

- SECOND PART.

Married to Francis the Second of France, at that time Dauphin, at Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, on Sunday, 24th of April, A.D. 1558.

In a land of feasting, music, flowers and song,
 Where charming manners took the place of duty,
 And it was held a king could do no wrong
 Young Mary grew in elegance and beauty.

Attired in snowy splendor, this young Queen,
 Under a canopy of purple stood ;
 Betrothed to the young Dauphin at sixteen.
 A tall and slender slip of womanhood.

The loveliest bride that e'er was seen in France
 (Witness her face, upon her gold testoon) ;
 A few days later—not without romance—
 Robed in brocaded silver like the moon.

With a kind feeling for the ugly youth,
 Became his wife, desiring nothing better ;
 The French gave a great dower, and did in truth
 Keep their strong paction to the very letter.

News of her marriage spread to her rough land,
Bells were set ringing, and great bonfires lighted,
Her health was drunk by many a savage band,
Scotland and France were solemnly united.

Regents had governed Scotland many years,
It was now governed by Queen Mary's mother,
Whose regency excited feuds and fears,
But she really ruled as well as any other.

The King at a tourney, or mock battle field,
A kind of fight in sport, a playful strife—
Quartered the English arms on Mary's shield,
And made the girl an enemy for life.

For though (if cruel) you may tease a cat,
It does not do to insult a lioness ;
But the King of France did not foresee all that,
Nor dreamed the taunt might end in death—no less.

Before the end of this gay, gorgeous play,
He died by the hand of a knight—a strange mischance—
And death and horror, closed the joyous day
And made our Scottish Queen, the Queen of France.

A cloud passed o'er her morning sun, and shadow
Began to settle ere the gloom of night ;
An orphan at eighteen, and then a widow,
Her happiness received a sudden blight.

Unwillingly, reluctantly, at length,
She turned her face towards Scotland, her wild land,
Which was shorn in part of its majesty and strength
By her happy marriage. We can understand

Her heartfelt sorrow at leaving sunny France,
As the sails were hoist, and the land was on her lee,
And her shiver of fear at the miserable mischance
Of a sinking ship that struck beside the quay ;

Her tears as she paced the deck when the night dropt down,
The darkness deepened, the land passed out of view ;
And she slowly sailed towards her turbulent native town,
From her happy youth, to a life untried and new,

In storm, mist, shadow, came the lovely queen,
To sin, and sorrow, falsehood, wrong and strife,
With scarce a glimpse of sun to tinge the scene,
Of gloom and doom to the end of her tragic life.

ADIEU TO FRANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM A VERSE WRITTEN BY MARY IN FRENCH,
WHEN ON BOARD THE SHIP WHICH BORE HER TO
SCOTLAND.

Adieu to thee, thou pleasant shore,
The loved, the cherished home to me,
Of infant joys, a dream that's o'er,
Farewell, dear France, farewell to thee !

The sail that wafts me bears away
From thee but half my soul alone ;
Its fellow-half will fondly stay,
And back to thee has faithful flown.

I trust it to thy gentle care,
For all that here remains to me,
Lives but to think of all that's there,
To love and to remember thee.

Another translation, with the original, for learned young
lads and lassies to read and compare :

ADIEU !

Adieu, plaisant pays de France
O ma patrie,,
La plus chérie ;
Qui a nourri ma jeune enfance.
Adieu, France, adieu mes beaux jour
La nef qui dejoint mes amours,
N'a cy de moi que la moitié
Une parte te reste ; elle est tienne ;
Je la fie a ton amitie,
Pour que de l'autre il te souvienne.

ADIEU.

Adieu, pleasant land of France,
Oh ! my country,
Very dear to me !
That nourished my young infancy,
Adieu, France, adieu, my fine and joyous days ;
My soul is torn in two, I go my dark ways.

The fate that parts me from my loves,
Leaves half my soul with thee ;
The other lives, dear France, but to remember thee,
My cherished joys, thy love, thy friendship for me.

Another translation:

Adieu, sweet land of France, Adieu !
All cherished joys gone by ;
Scenes where my happy childhood grew,
To leave you is to die.

Adopted country, whence I go
An exile o'er the sea,
Hear Mary's fond farewell, and oh !
My France, remember me.



DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY, MADE BY QUEEN MARY



QUEEN MARY

THIRD PART.

Queen Mary's little fleet sailed into Leith on the 19th day of August, 1561, in a dense fog, having on board, besides the ladies of her court, and her uncles, as guests, a baker, two French cooks, and fifty French servants. The ship containing six beautiful horses, and the Queen's pet palfry, a white Spanish jennet, did not arrive for some days.

Queen Mary was a beautifully formed, graceful, and majestic woman, five feet eight inches high ; her eyes grey, with sometimes a slight cast, or peculiar expression in them. Her many portraits differ greatly. Her bust on the tomb in Westminster Abbey is reliable, as taken from a cast of her face, and all her portraits bear some slight resemblance to this noble piece of sculpture. She had great taste in dress, and though impulsive, impolitic, and passionate, was much beloved by her servants, and the ladies of her court, and truly amiable. She was a fearless and excellent rider, as much at home on horseback as on her feet ; a good scholar, and a courteous, bright, witty woman, with a quickness of repartee, inherited by her son, and not more wrong-headed than her father before her and all the men of her house who succeeded her. She did great good in Edinburgh—had the roads mended, commenced "The Queen's Drive," splendidly re-furnished Holyrood, introduced the industry of straw-plaiting from France, and also confectionery, and landscape gardening, and gave a great impetus to the fashion of embroidery and needlework. She could sew at five years of age, and would sew at the Council Board. She granted great privileges to the Protestant Church—her inveterate enemy—and strove to make the warring nobles at peace with each other. Her household was paid from her own money, her French dower, as dowager, and the rents of her mother's French estates. The splendor of her court was maintained from her own pocket, and cost Scotland nothing. There was a proposal to allow the rent of a moiety of the church lands to revert to the Crown, but this was only talk when Mary was hurled from her throne. It had been a custom in Scotland for the Sovereign to grant estates and crown lands (as a reward for service or a

whim) for a term of 24 years, at the end of that period to revert to the Crown, and the time was drawing near when these grants would have to be ratified and extended, or a great disgorging must come, and many estates change hands—a fact which throws a rift of light upon the extraordinary harshness with which the Queen was treated before she had done anything to deserve censure. Only three women, as far as our knowledge extends, ever spoke ill of Mary, and they had injured her—Catharine de Medecis, Queen Elizabeth, and the Countess of Shrewsbury. With these exceptions, her enemies were *men*. She was very considerate and affectionate to her half-brother, Murray, and her half-sister, the Countess of Argyle. There was nothing petty in Mary, but generosity and greatness of mind in her dealings with these two people and her other natural brothers. There is much obscurity, and many contradictions, about the life of Mary. I therefore state facts, without pretending to give the causes, and I wish you to bear in mind in reading my account, that *murder* secret and open, was the vice of the age. Almost every ruler, or great person, had fingers stained with blood. I am reliable as far as I go, but that is not far in this case, because it has been clearly the object of many noble families, and also King James, Sixth of Scotland and First of England, to throw dust in the eyes of the historians, as to the transactions of this period, by destroying and concealing evidence.

Queen Mary was married to her second husband, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley (great-grandson of Henry the Seventh of England, and scion of the House of Douglas) on Sunday, 29th July, A.D. 1565, at five o'clock in the morning, in Holyrood Chapel. A splendid ball was given in the evening, to the great scandal of the Puritans.

She was married to her third husband, James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, at four o'clock in the morning, on the 15th May, A.D. 1567. There were no rejoicings, and on the third day after the marriage, Queen Mary tried to take her own life. She was married to Bothwell, in Holyrood Palace, not the Chapel, first according to the Catholic form, and then by the Protestant Bishop of Orkney.

MARY

A royal welcome was given to the fair young girl,

The common people were glad to have her at home,

Auld Reekie was for weeks in a jubilant whirl,

They found no fault but that she believed in Rome.

Her priests often left her chapel with bloody ears,

The mass found no toleration but in the court ;

Her dangerous enemies were among the peers,

Who joined in the welcome, the flatteries, and the sport.



JOHN KNOX

John Knox was very insulting to the Queen, scolding her in private and publicly calling her names,—“a Slave of Satan,” “a Jezebel”—being secretly encouraged by the Earl of Murray, Mary’s half-brother, called at that time the “Lord James.” At first he was her chief adviser. Six gentlemen of the Gordons were hanged in one day by his advice, and their land given to him. His mother was married to a Douglas, the hereditary enemies of the Stuarts, and his whole ambition was supreme power. He was many years older than Mary—a thick and thin man, one who ran with the hounds while he professed to side with the hare ; the greatest Protestant Lord in Scotland ; a cool, clear head ; rough or smooth in speech as the matter required ; never lost presence of mind ; a dangerous enemy. The Earl of Morton, and Lethington, great in the Queen’s Council, and Protestants, had clear, bright intellects, but seemed utterly without conscience. Many Scottish lords were open to foreign bribes, and had their pockets full of English or French gold. There was no political

honor. Constant and bloody feuds between great noblemen had to be settled by the Crown, and whatever the decision, somebody was sure to be mortally offended. Mary was constantly advised to marry again, and had a great many



THE EARL OF MORTON

suitors. A lord at the Council Board said Scotland "liked not so much the rule of women as men."* A crazy French poet, who brought a despatch to the Queen, took great liberties, and had

* The Earl of Morton.

his head very promptly sheared off for his insolence, singing "O cruelle dame," as he went to the scaffold. This and other annoyances brought Mary to the determination to marry, and her choice was Lord Darnley, her cousin, of the blood royal of England. "The long lad," as Queen Elizabeth called him, had the good looks of youth, and could ride and dance gracefully, but was conceited, profligate and insolent. The Earl of Lennox, his father, had been banished from Scotland, and his estates bestowed upon Murray, who on this ground opposed the marriage—though Mary offered him a finer estate in exchange—and rose in rebellion and called the people to arms against the Queen. But he got little encouragement; the marriage was popular, Darnley being by profession Protestant. The Queen lavished gifts and honors on her husband—gold, land, the Badge of the Thistle, and he was called "King" by courtesy. But he wanted to be King *absolutely*; his feather-head seemed turned by his elevation; he was an utterly intractable young fool; he scorned the Queen's gifts, and publicly insulted and shamed her when he was drunk; he pleaded with and teased both Queen and Council for the "crown matrimonial,"—an equal share with the Queen in the government. The Queen's foreign secretary, David Rizzio a small, lame man, supposed by Protestants to be in the pay of the Pope—but this has never been proved—said plainly that he had used the honors bestowed upon him so ill that it would be foolish to give him more power. All *thought* this, but the Queen's enemies used Darnley's hatred for Rizzio after this open opposition to his ambition, and made him believe that the Queen was false to him. He was foolishly jealous of him *as a man*; the Scottish Protestant nobility were jealous of his position as foreign secretary (though few Scotchmen, save Churchmen, could have filled this post, and both Catholics and Protestants were suspicious of the clergy, with very good reason). They duped Darnley into entering into a plot to cruelly murder Rizzio, make himself King, and imprison the Queen. Murray, Knox, and Craig were among them—though they did not openly appear—a hundred traitors in all, with mischief rife, who shook Mary's throne, endangered her life, cast a slur on her name, injured her un-

born child, bringing on her undeserved misery, pain, and shame. The English ambassador knew, but he gave no hint. The plotting lords drank the Queen's health and kissed her hand, accepted her gifts, partook of her meat and wine, till the fatal night when the evil deed was done. Queen Elizabeth knew of the plot weeks before, but made no sign. Darnley led fifty-six men up a private stair—sacred to *him* only, he kept the key—to his wife's bedroom, stealthily, after set of sun. The Queen—not very well—was taking her supper in a very small room adjoining, called “the Queen's closet,” her half-sister, Lady Argyle, sitting with her, her physician standing chatting with them, two servants waiting the table, and David Rizzio, standing at a sideboard, carving, and acting as *Queen's taster*. Lord Darnley entered smiling, kissed his wife and sat down beside her (that “Judas kiss,” was Mary's comment afterwards). The servants offered him wine and meat, but he said he had supped, and declined. All were at ease, when a cry of “A Douglas ! A Douglas !” echoed from the courtyard and was taken up in the Palace (a cry hostile to the Stuarts in all ages), and Lord Ruthven entered from the bedroom in armour, sword in hand. The Queen stood up in anger, rather than fear, as his men poured in after him. He answered her demands with insolence, saying he had come to “*slay*” Rizzio. The servants by the Queen's command drew their swords. Poor Rizzio backed into the window, crying to the Queen to save his life. Darnley took her round the waist and held her forcibly, while another man threatened her with a loaded pistol. The tables were upset, and there was no light save the fire, but before that they had stabbed Rizzio before the Queen's face. She lost her senses and fainted. Rizzio was dragged out, and killed with many wounds. The Palace doors were closed, and a message was sent by Darnley dismissing the Estates of Scotland, at that time sitting. Holyrood was filled with armed men, and Mary kept a close prisoner, not even allowed to see her ladies for twelve hours, and told that she should be “cut into collops and thrown over the walls” if she refused what they dictated. At the end of this time Murray, who had not been in the city, came to her. She received him joyfully, saying, with tears, “If you had been

here this could not have happened," unconscious that *he* was the chief conspirator. After much talk, the Queen walking up and down for hours—Darnley on one side, Murray on the other—Murray proposed to help her by becoming Regent, and a document was drawn up by the rebel lords for her to sign, after a fierce quarrel among themselves. Darnley, who had grown silent, saw that he was ignored by his colleagues, and had been duped. But the Queen's friends had not been idle. Earl Huntly, a Gordon and a Catholic, and Bothwell, a Protestant border lord, escaped over the Palace walls, at the risk of their necks, and fled each to his own house, to rouse their followers. The second night Darnley pleaded that the Queen might have some rest, *he* being her only guard. Lethington turned false to the other traitors, and assisted by the Queen's ladies, sent messages to the citizens of Edinburgh, through Sir Robert Melville. The Queen escaped with Darnley, and a single servant, Erskine. She rode on a pillion behind him, and Darnley galloped by their side to Dunbar Castle. She sent out a Proclamation against the traitors, signed not only by her own name, *but Darnley's*. In a few days, with thousands of men at her back, she entered her desecrated home again. The citizens of Edinburgh received her with all loyalty.

Queen Elizabeth wrote her a letter of sympathy, and induced her to spare the rebel lords (indeed, she always held a tenderness of heart for the false half-brother, whose mask was now off). Most of them had run into hiding, and Lord Ruthven had died, but the minor traitors and false guards were killed. As for Lethington, there was so far "honor among thieves," that no one told tales of him, and he received the Queen with a great show of sympathy. Rizzio was buried with all honor, and there was a sort of lull, before further strife.

BOTHWELL.

About this time a new man came into power,—

A man whom the Queen thought true in heart as with sword ;

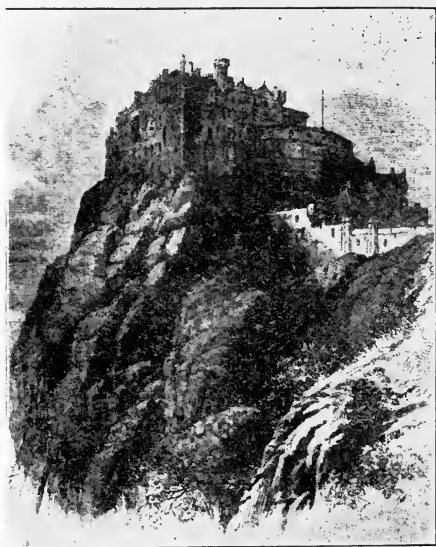
And she grew to like him in an evil hour

And lean on the strength of this burly, brazen lord.

Black Bothwell, a boastful, audacious, border lord,
Rash, ugly, one-eyed, yet a true man *thus far*, and bold,
A Scotchman all through, with honor as well as sword,
Who *had never received a bribe of English gold.*

The Earls of Bothwell held posts of trust and worth
Under other Stuarts ; with Murray he was at feud
With that kind of hate which means no quarter but death—
A fact which both men fully understood.

I think of him as a big, noisy blue-bottle fly,
In the web of some dozen spiders, fierce if small,—
He hated Earl Morton, and Ruthven, this man of one eye,
And would brave and oppose every Douglas, one and all.



EDINBURGH CASTLE

I now come to a part of Mary's history in which historians differ and contradict each other. I therefore state bare facts, leaving my young readers to draw their own conclusions.

Mary, feeling unsafe in Holyrood, removed to Edinburgh Castle, after the death of Rizzio, which took place on the 9th of March. Here on the 19th day of June, her son James was born, and here the confederates who had killed Rizzio tried to make peace with her by showing her the bond they had signed. Darnley's being the first name. They declared, one and all, that the whole thing was suggested and proposed by him, and "hatched in his own brain," or they would never have thought of such a thing. These innocents were of all ages from thirty to sixty, including John Knox, Murray, Morton, Lethington, and some of the clearest heads and hardest hearts in Scotland. From that day Darnley was a marked man (or boy, for he was not of age), hated by the party he had deserted, and distrusted by the Queen. When the Queen had recovered, she made a progress through the kingdom to quell riots and hold her "Justice Aire," as her predecessors had done. She fell ill at Jedborough of a fever and nearly died, in October, and only by slow stages returned to Edinburgh. Before her return, Lethington, in the presence of many, proposed to Mary to "make her quit of the King her husband." She refused decidedly, with a sharp rebuke. In December, the Prince was christened with great pomp at Stirling, Mary's last magnificent entertainment. Queen Elizabeth and the King of France stood for the child by proxy. The English Queen sent a silver-gilt font, valued at a thousand pounds, and the French King a bag of gold. Darnley refused to be present at the ceremony. He soon after left the Queen and resided at Glasgow, where he fell ill of smallpox. Queen Mary went to see him, and when he was better induced him to return to Edinburgh with her. He resided at a house called "The Kirk of Field," in the suburbs of the city, till all danger of infection should be past, the Queen spending much time with him. This house was blown up by gunpowder on the 9th of February, 1567, just eleven months to the day after the murder of Rizzio, and the body of Lord Darnley found murdered in an orchard at the back of the house, he having clearly been strangled. This murder was brought home without a doubt to the Earl of Bothwell, though Murray, Morton, Lethington, and many who had been in the plot against Rizzio,

knew and approved, but their names did not appear, nor was their guilt brought to light for many years. The Queen offered a reward for the discovery of the murderers. She was warned and implored to do justice, by voices in the street at night and placards accusing Bothwell. He was summoned to clear himself, and came to his trial riding on Lord Darnley's favorite horse, with six hundred armed followers at his back. The Earl of Lennox, (Darnley's father) did not dare to meet him after accusing him. He was acquitted. The trial took place on the 12th of April. Lord Herries and Sir Robert Melville, with great moral courage, advised and implored Mary to break with Bothwell and have him punished, *the only men* in Scotland who really cared for her honor enough to kindly speak the truth to her. Elizabeth wrote strongly urging her to bring the murderers to justice, even "the nearest relation you have," which is surely a hint at Murray. The very market women would exclaim, as she passed, "God preserve your Grace if you are sockless* of the King's death."

Bothwell grew more insolent and boastful daily, saying he "would marry the Queen whether she would or not." On the 19th April, when Parliament rose, Bothwell invited the principal lords to a banquet that evening at Aynster's, a fashionable tavern, and they *went*, Catholic and Protestant, the first gentlemen in Scotland. This meeting is called "Aynster's Supper," from the name of the landlord. The place was surrounded by armed men, Bothwell's followers. Herries and Seyton (really honest men) got very tipsy, before Bothwell rose and informed them all that he intended to marry the Queen, and wished for their assent. He then read a document to them, to subscribe, of the nature of an oath, to recommend and forward this marriage. They *all* subscribed—now pause, and take this in—save Lord Eglintoun, who rose and left the room.

These are the signatures :—

The Earls of :

Murray

Argyle

Huntly

Lords :

Boyd

Seyton

Sinclair

*Sockless, innocent.

The Earls of :

Cassiles.
 Caithness.
 Morton.
 Sutherland.
 Rothes.
 Glencairn.

Lords :

Semple.
 Oliphant.
 Ogilvy.
 Rosse.
 Herries.
 Hume.
 Eumermeth.

They signed to his ruin and the Queen's. Only two expressed regret, Seyton and Herries, who said they were drunk, and were the Queen's friends as long as they lived ; but the others professed to have been surprised and frightened by Bothwell.

The bond signed by the nineteen lords is a stain on the national honor. Granted they were surrounded by armed men and in a trap, they were of the highest nobility and dealing with a peer, and not a man among them struck a blow for their young Queen, by resisting the evil man by whom she was held in thrall. Were they really frightened, or had the little spiders caught the great blue-bottle at last, and by "fooling him to the top of his bent" secured another long minority, with a chance of great pickings and no change in the Crown lands and offices in the gift of the Queen?

When notice was given to the Reformed Church to publish the banns of marriage, Craig promptly refused, without a written order from the Queen. This was supplied. He then asked to be admitted to the Privy Council, where he doubled his fist, and charged Bothwell with having murdered the King, to his face ; and in reading the banns, he said, "I call heaven and earth to witness that I detest and abhor this marriage." They were married on the 15th of May. On the 10th June Mary entered her own Castle of Loch Leven as a prisoner, after she had been led through Edinburgh reviled by the soldiers of the Confederate lords and the people, and Bothwell was "put to the horn," as the Scotch express it, meaning, chased like a wild beast out of the country. The keeper of Loch Leven Castle was the Earl of Murray's mother, Lady Douglas.

Mary signed her abdication in favor of her son, appointing Murray Regent, on the 25th July, 1567, under the threat of immediate death if she refused. Life is sweet at twenty-five.

On Sunday, 2nd May, she escaped from Loch Leven, after eleven months' imprisonment, and soon could number hundreds and thousands of "fierce Hamiltons," "saucy Seytons," and "gay Gordons," to help her in the coming struggle. Edinburgh and Glasgow stood by the Regent, who always maintained a calm exterior, and showed no fear. The French Ambassador went to her camp, but though Mary's army was the largest, the Regent's were trained soldiers, with good commanders. The battle took place at Langside, not far from Glasgow, the royal standard on both sides, and the battle cries, "God and the Queen," and "God and the King." It did not last an hour, and the Queen was beaten. She had



MARY SIGNING HER ABDICATION

From modern painting: Lindsay, Melville and Ruthven, from old authentic portraits.

watched the battle from a hill, and when it was over mounted and fled towards Dumfries. Lord Herries was with her and at least one hundred horsemen, ladies and servants.

Mary held her last Council, as a Queen and a *free* woman, in Dundrennan Abbey, on the 15th of May, one year after her fatal marriage with Bothwell. She was nearly one hundred miles from the field of battle, and there were no traitors at that Council; but she was deaf to faithful advice, and blind to her own interests. Lord Herries, sober and sad enough now, and at his best, gave the lion's counsel, for he advised her to summon the Highland Clans and gather another army, saying he could maintain six hundred men for six weeks in his

own castle, near at hand, while she communicated with foreign powers, ending, "Better take to the hills like your Grace's ancestor, Bruce, than trust Elizabeth." Others advised her "to pass to France," but she had determined to trust herself to the generosity of Elizabeth, and took her own course.

She crossed the Solway Frith in a fishing boat, and landed at Worthington, Cumberland, on Sunday, the 16th of May, 1568, *and was never free again*. She was only 26 years old.

There is only one authentic portrait of Bothwell, in the possession of His Majesty King Edward. It has never been engraved. He died a prisoner and insane, in Melmoe Castle, on the coast of Norway, the King of Denmark refusing to give him up.

There is only one authentic portrait of the Earl of Murray, though many supposed portraits have been given to the public. He has a Tudor face, a little like Henry the Eighth. He was shot by James Hamilton, of Bothwell-Haugh, whom he had deeply injured, on the 20th January, 1570, having ruled Scotland rather more than three years. He is remembered as "the good Regent," and none can doubt his ability, though he rose to power by stepping on his sister's neck.

I advise my young readers to study Scott's charming novel called "The Abbot," before they finish Queen Mary, and comparing it with history, find out the historical errors in it.

QUEEN MARY

FOURTH PART

"A prison is a house of care, a place where none can thrive."

—*Inscription on The Tolbooth Prison.*

Carlisle Castle was Mary's first prison in England.

Bolton Castle the second prison.

Tutbury Castle, in Staffordshire, her third prison. It was strongly fortified, and prepared for her, the instant it was known she had set foot in England. It was on a hill, had walls of immense thickness, and was very damp.

Wingfield Manor House, fourth prison, in Derbyshire.

Taken back to Tutbury.

Fifth prison, Coventry, where she was sent, when crippled with rheumatism. There is a portrait of her in Coventry.

Chatsworth, Derbyshire, sixth prison.

Sheffield Castle, seventh prison.

Buxton. She went to drink the waters, a great invalid,—the eighth prison.

Chartley, ninth prison, where her papers, letters, jewellery, and money were taken from her.

Tixall Castle, tenth prison, where she was confined apart from all her old servants and friends for seventeen days.

Fotheringay Castle, Northampton, her last prison, where she was taken (to the dismay of the owner, Earl Fitzwilliam), as a convenient place for trial and execution, because of the great hall.



QUEEN MARY GOING TO EXECUTION

I shall say very little of Mary's prison life,
Lest I stray from the truth, and get outside the mark,
There was soon for her an end of *outward* strife,
And the rest is like a whisper in the dark.

A smothered whisper, from castles damp and dreary,
Of "hope deferred" and longing to be free ;
A trial with smothered evidence, dull and weary,
We hear imperfectly, and can scarcely see.

The letters, pleas, appeals to be fairly heard ;
Whether of love or sorrow, doubt or rage,
Are but the cries of the imprisoned bird,
And beating of its wings against the cage.

There's *no proof* of anything ; talk and accusation,
That she sought Elizabeth's crown and life and fame,
She was slain by a very large faction within the nation,
And her death warrant was signed by Elizabeth's name.

But we *do know* that she was imprisoned nineteen years,
And we *don't know* who suggested her trial at last ;
But we *know* that Lord Leicester, one of the English peers,*
Proposed to poison her rather than keep her fast.

We *know* that her death was determined before her trial,
And she never saw her accusers face to face ;
We *know* her deportment was placid and truly royal,
That she bore bitter insults with gentleness and grace ;

When Paulet removed her canopy of State,
And sat in her presence with his hat upon his head
Announcing the sentence of her coming fate,
And told her that she was "a woman as good as dead."

She felt that death was true gain after all her loss,
Made her will and prayed, and calmly prepared to die,
The last sentence she read was about the thief on the cross,
Saying, "He was a sinner, though not so great as I."

We feel in our hearts "there is great injustice here,"
As she kneeled down calmly and neither moved nor cried,
In the presence of foes, who might hate, but they could not sneer ;
For very bravely and dauntlessly she died.

*Openly in the Privy Council.

She was set in slippery places from her youth :

Her very beauty both in form and feature
Were snares in her position. In very truth,
I feel that Mary Stuart was a noble creature.†

Queen Mary was beheaded at Fotheringay Castle, at eight o'clock in the morning, on the 8th of February, 1587, in the presence of two hundred men, seven of her servants, and her little dog. It was a very cold morning, and a great fire blazed at one end of the hall. The scaffold was in the centre covered with black. Queen Mary was so crippled with rheumatism that she could not mount the steps without help. Earl Shrewsbury, with tears streaming down his averted face, lifted his truncheon as the signal for her death.



EFFIGY OF MARY, ON HER TOMB IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY
Sculptured from plaster casts of the face and hands

She was buried in Peterborough Cathedral on Sunday, the 30th July, 1587, a state funeral being at the expense of Elizabeth. The coffin was placed beside that of Catherine of Arragon. When her son became King of England, he had her removed to Westminster Abbey, and a magnificent monument erected to her memory. She was forty-five years old when she died.

Her little dog never ate again, and died of grief a few days after his mistress.

Her French dower was paid with great faithfulness, and maintained her household during her imprisonment. One servant (Jean Kennedy) fled with her from Loch Leven and was with her to the end of her life.

† Sir Walter Scott's verdict :—"A noble creature, even though she *did* abuse God's choicest gifts."

When the news of her death reached London, bells were set ringing, and bonfires were lighted. The bigoted conduct of Philip of Spain, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Anti-Protestant League, all hastened her fate.

! PART OF A SONNET WRITTEN BY QUEEN MARY
A FEW DAYS BEFORE HER DEATH

THE ORIGINAL IN FRENCH ON A LARGE SHEET OF PAPER.

Foes to my greatness, let your envy rest ;
In me no taste for grandeur now is found,
Consumed with grief, with heavy ills opprest,
Your wishes and desires will soon be crowned.
And you, my friends, who still have held me dear,
Bethink you, that when health and heart are fled,
And every hope of future good is dead,
'Tis time to wish our sorrows ended here,
And that this punishment on earth is given,
That I may live to endless bliss in heaven.

JAMES THE SIXTH OF SCOTLAND.

FIRST OF ENGLAND.

Compared by the translators of the noblest version of the Bible to "the sun in his strength." Shakespeare says : "His honor and the greatness of his name *shall be* and make new nations."

Henry the Fourth of France dubbed him "the wisest old fool of his time," and a Scotch divine called James to his face, "God's silly vassal."

Born in Edinburgh Castle on the 19th June, 1566.

Crowned when thirteen months old in Stirling Castle, 29th July, 1567, five days after his mother's abdication, John Knox placing the crown on his head.

The Earl of Murray was the first Regent during his minority.

The Earl of Lennox (the King's grandfather) the second Regent.

The Earl of Mar, third Regent.

The Earl of Morton, fourth Regent. Beheaded by order of

the King for the murder of his father, Lord Darnley, and the King took the government into his own hands. King James was twenty years old when his mother was beheaded by order of Queen Elizabeth.

Married the Princess Anne of Denmark, 24th November, 1589, at Oploe, Christiana, Norway. He was five feet ten inches high.

Founded, and helped to endow, the University of Edinburgh 1582.

Succeeded to the Crown of England, 1603, and assumed the title of King of Great Britain and Ireland.

Lady Mar took care of James when young, and George Buchanan was his tutor. George Buchanan was a great scholar and a man of genius, who narrowly escaped death for heresy, in the reign of James the Fifth. He had been favored by Mary, who gave him a post which made him independent for life. He was one of her bitterest enemies, although he addressed verses of fulsome flattery to her when she was in prosperity. He was a severe man, and harsh teacher.

He soon gauged the mental powers of the royal boy,

Who had a strong memory and never forgot

If the child played any pranks or tried to annoy,

He would spank him at once, or scare him on the spot,

For the little King trembled at the sight of steel,

And would quake with terror at a naked sword ;

It was easy enough to rule him, and make him feel,

And when he was frightened he stammered at every word

He was weak in the legs, and could read before he could walk

And at six years old repeated a very long speech,

And when at his ease, was funny and quaint in his talk ;

It distressed old Lady Mar to hear him screech,

And she pluckily flew to his rescue every time,

And tackled the tutor with very angry words ;

They quarrelled in a way I could not repeat in rhyme,

And it frightened the child as much as the sight of swords

But without Lady Mar he would have been forlorn,

He would often sob himself to sleep on her breast,

For his tutor treated the little chap with scorn,

And called him "an evil bird from a bloody nest."

And his mother "idolatress, murderess," and worse,
 (Though he once called her "too angelic for this coarse earth,"
 But that you see¹ was before she had filled his purse)—
 And he had no patience with childish tricks and mirth.

They carried him in—this queer little bunch of a King—
 He was perched in his chair of state with his crown on his head,
 Before the² Estates ; he remembered everything
 And reeled it all off in broad Scotch ere he went to bed.

On sunny days, smiling and "very wise in his talk,"*
 He was shown to his subjects, with Lady Mar by the hand ;
 Nodding and bowing and "wobbling in his walk,"
 "Ane high and mighty prince," and lord of the land.

Waving his hand to the people, bright as the weather,
 A gay and happy little man for the nonce ;
 In white satin doublet and breeches, bonnet and feather,
 A learned lad for his inches, and not a dunce.



BUCHANAN

An excellent classical scholar at sixteen,
 When little was known of "gentle King Jamie" abroad,
 A letter in Latin was sent by the Virgin Queen,
 "To over-awe the boy," like the naked sword.

King James was delighted, and promptly replied in Greek,
 Which puzzled old Lord Burleigh and good Queen Bess ;
 This early "King-craft"—an action quite unique ;
 What kind of a boy he was they could not guess ;

So they sent a special envoy to measure the lad ;
 King James received him as silent as a fish,
 Sitting in state without one word, good or bad ;
 Still puzzled, they made concessions, and granted his wish.

*Old Chronicle.

At twenty the lords proposed for him a wife ;

He replied he was willing to wed "for the good of the state,"
And the second piece of king-craft appears in his life,

When the peers selected a princess of forty-eight,

And a pretty girl of sixteen, for his royal choice ;

They favored the elder lady for reasons of state,
And his neighbor Queen Elizabeth gave her voice

In her favor : King Jamie cautiously said he would wait

Till he had "divine leading" ; with both portraits in his hand

He retired, and was led in his choice to the fair young Dane ;
The tyrannical lords would not listen to his demand,
And remonstrated, and opposed, but all in vain.

"Would ye hae me fly in the face of Providence, man" ?

Cried King James, with a scandalized air, to a grey beard lord,
Whose indignation burst forth on Buchanan's plan,

Of laying his hand on the hilt, and half drawing his sword.

The King saw, averted his face, and stammering replied,

"We are a free King, and will not be led by the nose,"

And turning away went off for an afternoon ride,

And proved to his elders 'twas useless to oppose.

He was off to "Norraway" over the foam for his bride,

And writ such a letter as ne'er was seen before,

To the grim Estates of Scotland, after his ride,

Before he quitted his rugged native shore.

But he thought the sea should be as smooth as oil

(Here his king-craft failed) when a king went abroad in the fall,
And blamed the witches for making it foam and boil

And toss him about with no respect at all.

He was not a coward, whatever historians say,

For he never blenched, or turned back 'mid the tempests roar,
With the lady in view, he pushed on his stormy way,

Even though he should see fair Scotland never more.

He landed in safety ; he won his fair young bride,

And in Denmark for full six months his life was a feast ;

He waited for fine weather, wind and tide,

A truly happy and highly honored guest.

He improved, expanded, and was not afraid of swords ;

And when he turned his royal nose towards home,
To have it out with the witches and the lords,

He ordered vast preparations ere he should come.

For the King of Denmark escorted his son-in-law back
With many great ships and splendid gifts beside ;
If the court failed to please, there certainly was no lack
Of meat and wine to make glad the Danish bride.

But when the feasts were over, the guests all gone,
Then every poor, ugly, doting old woman might quake,
For the witches were punished for what they had not done,
They were tortured, then rolled in pitch, and burned at the stake.

And many queer, cross old men had to share the same fate,
And more than one handsome young maiden gave her life,
To this terrible fad of the time, and found out too late
How dangerous it was to consult an old witch wife.

But the very last spurt of the Douglas to get supreme power,
The Gowrie Plot, which nearly cost the King's life,
Took his mind from the witches in a happy hour
And turned his startled thoughts to political strife.

Then the great Elizabeth died ; 'twas his turn at last,
James found "the auld enemy" a wealthy friend ;
He was welcomed, as through his new kingdom he bravely passed
And flattered and feasted even to his journey's end.

The noblest feast which pleased King Jamie best,
Was given—'tis strange—by Cromwell of Hinchinbrooke,*
Who not only pleased, but "delighted" his royal guest—
It is so expressed in King Jamie's Household Book.

The rest of King James you will find in the English rhymes,
How he took Elizabeth's thousand gowns for his wife,
Is told in many a history of his times
And all the oddities of his prosperous life.

His grand reception at Oxford, a glorious week,
That feast of books to his taste in every way,
The orations in Latin, the compliments in Greek,
'Twas the acme of bliss, the white stone in his lucky day.

He was flattered in Hebrew—he took it all in at once,
And paid them again in that coin with interest ;
They abused him in Sanscrit and called the King a dunce,
He understood and retorted jest for jest.

In many tongues the Professors toasted King James,
They took him to their hearts like a dusty old tome ;
He loved their pedantry, their dreams, their aims ;
He revelled in Polyglot parchments, he was at home.

*Sir Henry Cromwell, Oliver's uncle.

We will leave him at Oxford ; I like to think of him there ;
'Tis a good thing that somebody gets his wish sometimes,
The desire of his heart, the answer to his prayer,
So I take a final leave of him in my rhymes.

He died at Theobalds, Hertfordshire, England, his favorite residence, 27th March, 1625, aged 59. He liked flattery, but when a courtier at the eleventh hour said he knew of a King who was cured of dropsy, James gently put aside that last dose, saying, with a smile, "He must have been a young King." Soon after he closed his eyes with his own hands (a trick taught him when a baby by Lady Mar when it was time to sleep), and never opened them again.

The "Authorized Version" of the Bible was issued in 1611, by King James' advice and approval; forty-seven great scholars of the time being the translators and revisers.



THEOBALDS, HERTFORDSHIRE

LADY ARABELLA STUART.

This lady was cousin to the King and next heir to the throne, and always regarded with disfavor and jealousy both by Queen Elizabeth and her successor. She is described as beautiful, but the dress of the period would have made even a pretty woman ugly, and her portrait is not attractive or graceful. She had many brilliant offers of marriage from foreign princes, but James refused them all, having decided that she should never marry. No young lady ever had a greater desire to get married than the Lady Arabella, and when she heard of presents of lace and jewels returned and noble suitors snubbed, she indulged in tears and tantrums. But soon a lover came who did not woo by proxy. Mr. William Seymour, a handsome young man about the court, the younger son of a noble

family, wished he had been a Prince to wed the Lady Arabella, and the lady thought him a prince among men, so in a short time they were secretly married. In a few weeks their secret was discovered, and they were imprisoned separately, the young man in the Tower. Though closely watched, they wrote to each other constantly : love found out the way. The lady destroyed Seymour's letters for fear they should bring his young head to the block, but I am glad to say he kept some of hers in an inner pocket next the heart ; for beautiful and pathetic, fond and foolish, are these old love letters. They planned a scheme to escape to the Continent together, and actually got out of their prisons and away on fleet horses to meet at an appointed place. The poor lady in man's clothes, felt that every one she met knew she was a woman, and half dead with fatigue and terror lest her husband should be taken and slain, she betrayed herself by weeping, and was suspected and detained, for the King's messengers were abroad in all directions, to stop outgoing vessels, and examine the passengers.

She was taken and imprisoned in the Tower in the very apartment Seymour had occupied, and after four years of rigorous confinement and great misery, she died. She is supposed to be buried in Westminster Abbey, but no tablet marks the spot. Seymour escaped and lived abroad, till King Charles ascended the throne, who recalled and restored him to his honors. Charles had no more faithful friend and servant than Seymour, who was one of his underbearers and offered to die on the scaffold as his substitute. Seymour lived to great age and honor—an Earl, a Knight of the Garter, a Lord of the Privy Council—but he did not forget his early love, for he cherished her letters and a knot of blue ribbon she had worn, as sacred mementos. He desired the ring she had



DRESS OF THE PERIOD

given him never to be taken from his hand, but buried with him, and he named his eldest daughter Arabella Stuart. -

The poor, imprisoned turtle-dove who died,
Of grief and loneliness, of shame and pain,
For no wrong done, or wickedness, or pride,
A tender heart, a life without a stain ;
All quenched in a flash ; one royal Stuart tried
And not found wanting,—all regret is vain—
We only have two pearls* from this bright mind,
And feel her death a loss to human kind.

CHARLES THE FIRST.

Born at Dunfermline Castle, Scotland, November 19th, 1600.

Married to Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry the Fourth of France, at Canterbury, Kent, 12th June, 1625.

Crowned in Westminster Abbey with his Queen, February 2nd, A.D. 1626, as King of England. Crowned at Holyrood, Edinburgh, as King of Scotland, May, A.D., 1635.

Charles was brought to England when a child, four years of age, and did not visit Scotland till nearly ten years after his accession to the throne. He took Archbishop Laud with him, and was crowned with great pomp and magnificence. His visit was less for the purpose of his coronation than to introduce the liturgy of the English Church and force it on the nation.

The 23rd of July A.D. 1637, was the day appointed for the introduction of the English Church Service in Edinburgh, when a fearful riot took place in St. Giles Cathedral, started by a woman named Jennie Geddes, who hurled her stool at the head of the Dean, crying, "Villain ! dost thou say mass at my lug ?" The Bishop tried to mollify the people, but they stoned him, and he would have been killed but for the interference of the magistrates. This riot was practically the beginning of that great rebellion which led to the death of the King. The "Solemn League and Covenant" had been drawn up when James the Sixth was young ; a very intolerant document. A clause or two were now added, and it was signed by nearly every body in Scotland, without distinction of age or sex, A.D. 1638. It was respect-

*Her two love letters.

able only as a protest for religious liberty for themselves, a liberty they denied to all other denominations. Those who signed took oath to maintain it, against all opposition. A few great Catholic families, and the chiefs of some of the Highland clans, refused to sign it. The leaders of the Covenant (Lords of the Covenant) were the Earls of Argyle, Rothes, Cassilis, Lothian, and *Montrose* (who changed sides, and came over to the King in the end, and fought and died in his cause) ; Lords Lindsay, Lowden, Yester, and Balmerino.



CHARLES THE FIRST

King Charles the First, for the land of his birth
 Had a feeling nearly akin to contempt ;
 The Scotchman's oddities hid his worth,
 His bravery did not make him exempt
 From the covert scorn of this stately King,
 Who treated him like a queer and naughty child ;
 And he secretly vowed by his coronation ring,
 To make the Scotch less strange and rude and wild ;
 He would civilize, with "*a decorous form of faith,*"
 And show them what religion ought to be like.

No skeleton finger pointed to his own death,
 Or reminded him of what Scotchmen are when they strike.
 He insulted them past forgiveness, then calmly went
 And placed himself in the Scottish camp in their hands ;
 To his English enemies he was sold* and sent ;
 They would trust him no more with religion, lives or lands

*The Scottish nation gave King Charles, as a prisoner, to the English Parliament, A.D. 1647, receiving at that time from the English four hundred thousand pounds, as a settlement of all difficulties between the two nations.

He could not get into his head, the idea of the thing,
 That this "outré-nation"[†] would rise in its strength and brave him
 He was utterly un-Scotch, this Scottish King,
 Yet two Scotchmen offered to die in his place, and save him.[‡]

The whole Scottish nation was angry with little reason,
 When his English rebels took away his life ;
 They recoiled with indignation against that treason,
 Took up arms for his son, and at once renewed the strife.

In 1649, the Scotch protested against the execution of the King, whom they had given up, and as soon as they heard of his death promptly proclaimed Charles the Second.

The King was beheaded before Whitehall Palace, London, 30th January, 1649, aged 49.



CHILDREN OF CHARLES THE FIRST

Buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

His bearers were : Bertie, Lord Lindsay, The Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Southampton, and the Earl of Hertford, who had all offered to die in his stead.

About twenty gentlemen followed him to the grave. The snow fell heavily, and the pall was white as they entered St. George's Chapel.

King Charles the First was five feet nine inches high. His eyes were grey, his hair brown, his manner dignified and some-

[†]The King's expression, meaning odd, queer, eccentric.

[‡]"Faithful fools," Carlyle's comment.

what cold. He had great taste in matters of art, but no tact in dealing with people. He was rash with his tongue, saying sharp and bitter things even of his friends, which were repeated to his injury, and hurt the feelings of those who were willing to die for him. For instance, calling the Navy, "Water-rats," his faithful Parliament at Oxford "The Mongrel Parliament," and saying "a promise is not binding on a King except to an equal." He stammered slightly when excited. He was a man of great energy, and many accomplishments.

LINES BY MONTROSE* TO CHARLES THE FIRST.

And if no faithless action stain
Thy true and constant word,
I'll make thee famous with my pen,
And glorious with my sword.

I'll laud thee in such noble ways
As ne'er were known before ;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays
And love thee more and more.



CHARLES THE FIRST—LAST PORTRAIT BY VANDYKE

*The Marquis of Montrose was hanged as a traitor to the Covenant, May 21st, 1650, on a gallows thirty feet high.

COMMONWEALTH.

OLIVER CROMWELL, PROTECTOR.

In England, December the 2nd, 1653.

In Scotland by the Treaty of Newark, September 4th, 1654.

Having beaten the Scotch at Dunbar, under Leslie, and King Charles at Worcester, Cromwell made a treaty with the Scottish nation, and for six years Scotland enjoyed great peace and increasing prosperity. The administration was in the hands of nine persons, and religious persecution was not allowed. They hated Cromwell and cursed him, but they throve under him. There was free trade between England and Scotland. He was impartial, he gave Scotland a chance, and the days of the usurper were golden days for the working masses of Scotland. The last to yield to Cromwell was Lochiel the chief of the Clan Cameron.

The whole nation talked, and abused at their leisure,
 No notice was taken,
 But strict order was kept, they had peace if no pleasure,
 With firmness unshaken,
 To the strong Lord Protector, his duty seemed plain,
 They must not tear and fight ;
 "The Lord pity you,"* cried old Noll, with disdain,
 "You think you are right."

CHARLES THE SECOND.

Born the 29th May, A.D. 1630. In Whitehall Palace, London.

Subscribed the Solemn League and Covenant, 1650.

Crowned at Scone as King of Scotland, 1st January, 1651.

In exile on the Continent for ten years, after his defeat and escape at Worcester.

Restored by the voice of the people of Great Britain, 29th May, 1660.

Crowned King of Great Britain and Ireland, St. George's Day, 1661, in Westminster Abbey.

*Cromwell's letter to the Estates of Scotland.

Married to Catherine of Braganza, Infanta of Portugal, 27th May, 1662, at Portsmouth. Wedding favors were given (first instance), small knots of ribbon cut from the Queen's dress.

In 1661, King Charles had said the Presbyterian religion "was not a religion for a gentleman." In 1688 severe laws were made in England and Scotland against "conventicles." Military force was used against the people in Scotland, and terrible persecutions ensued. Men and women were tried for gathering to preach and pray in the open air, and put to torture for their religious opinions, and Episcopacy was estab-



CHARLES THE SECOND

From a Painting in Bridewell Hall by Sir Peter Lely

lished with a high hand. But no Scot was ever lukewarm in his religion. At Allanbank, in 1674, was held the largest Covenanting meeting that had ever taken place, convened for the purpose of celebrating the Lord's Supper. There were three thousand two hundred communicants on the bank of the Whiteadder, under the broad canopy of heaven. They met in barns, caves, under the forest trees, anywhere, in spite (perhaps, *because*) of prohibitions. Sharpe, once a Presbyterian, became an Episcopalian and was made Archbishop of St. Andrews, and no worse man had ever been in that See since the days of Cardinal Beaton. The very title of Bishop was hateful to the Scotch, and this man was regarded as a traitor. He was dragged from his carriage and murdered on the 3rd of May, 1679, in the public road on a market day, near St. Andrews. NO ONE HAPPENED TO BE PASSING when the deed was done. Hotter than ever raged the persecution against the Covenanters after this, and they went to their Conventicles armed. Graham of Claverhouse attacked them at Drumclog but, armed with scythes and pitchforks, they sent the British Life Guards flying, and killed many of the soldiers. They were finally wholly beaten and routed at the Battle of Bothwell Brig; and awful was the vengeance on the Covenanters.

Bishop Leighton of Dunkeld protested against the cruelties of the Church of England. He would not join his brethren in their oppressions, and went to the King and resigned his bishopric, saying that "even were it to plant the Christian faith among heathens, he would have nought to do with such cruelty and oppression." The Scottish ministers did not spare Charles. One, when commanded to pray for the King, prayed, "Shake him o'er the mouth of hell, O Lord, but dinna let him fa' in," and commenting on the King's private funeral, another said in the pulpit it was "fitting that this wicked King should be buried with the burial of an ass."

" The footprints in the "merry monarch's "reign,
Are marked with blood ;
His gifts to Scotland were, cutting disdain,
Torture and swor^d :

With broken promises, and broken faith,
Came sighs, and moans,
But trust in God, triumphant over death,
O'er nature's dying groans."

King Charles the Second died in Whitehall Palace, 6th February, 1685, aged 55. Buried in Westminster Abbey. Dark complexion, dark eyes, five feet ten inches high. Very gracious in manner. A great walker, and kind to animals.

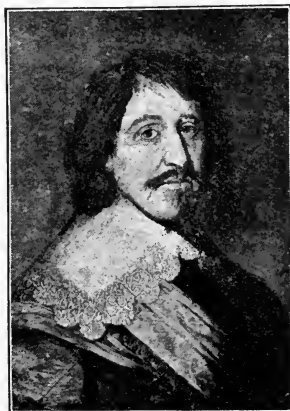
JAMES THE SEVENTH OF SCOTLAND.

JAMES THE SECOND OF ENGLAND.

Born 30th October, 1633.

Married first, Anne Hyde, the Lord Chancellor's daughter, 1660, who was mother of Mary the Second and Queen Anne.

Second, the Princess Mary of Modena, House of Este, 21st November, 1673, mother of James the Eighth, called "The Old Pretender."



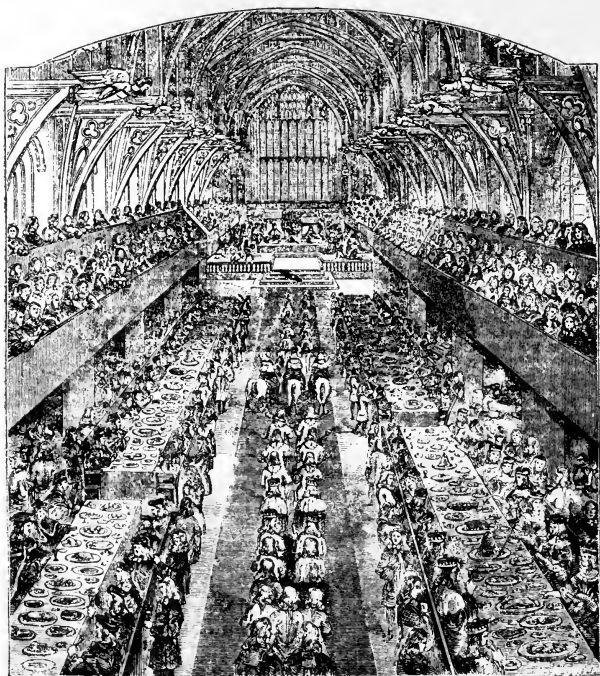
THE MARQUIS OF ARGYLE

Beheaded for heading the insurrection in Scotland, 1685

Proclaimed King of Scotland at Edinburgh 10th February, 1685. James's first word for Scotland was a command to the Parliament, and "all faithful subjects" to "leave nothing undone for the extirpation of fanaticism." In a statute framed by Knox, it was a high crime to hear mass, and the

second offence was capital. James's wish soon passed into a law,* which made it death to preach in any Conventicle, or in the open air. The King refused to take the coronation oath for Scotland. The Marquis of Argyle, who had been in exile, invaded Scotland in the cause of the Covenanters, but the people were too much cowed to rise to support him with any heart, and he was taken and beheaded.

Mr. James Renfrew was the last person to suffer death on account of religion in Scotland, A.D. 1688.



CORONATION OF JAMES THE SECOND, WESTMINSTER HALL, LONDON

The Peers with their coronets on ; the King to the right under the canopy
the Queen to the left

*Act of the Scottish Parliament, May 8th, 1685.

Persecution increased and raged hotter than ever,
 'Gainst any who lifted their voices in prayer,
 Or preached or made any religious endeavor,
 Or tuned up a psalm in God's free open air.
 They were headed and hanged, they were driven like sheep.
 They were shot on the moor, they were drowned in the sea,
 Their widows and orphans alone left to weep.
 James and Claverhouse were cruel as cruel could be.

Set aside by the nation, 1688.

James died at the Palace of St. Germain's, France, 6th August, 1701, aged 68.



WILLIAM AND MARY.

William, Prince of Orange and Nassau, born 4th November, 1650.

Mary Stuart, eldest daughter of James the Seventh, born 30th April, 1662. William was created Stadholder, or First Magistrate of Holland, 3rd July, 1672.

Married to Mary (his cousin), 23rd October, 1677.

Proclaimed King and Queen of England, 13th February, 1689.

Proclaimed in Edinburgh, King and Queen of Scotland, 11th April, 1689.

Crowned in Westminster Abbey, London.

They never set foot in Scotland.

The King, in taking the coronation oath declared that he would not be a persecutor, a speech which gave offence to the majority of both nations, who liked to persecute when the wheel of fortune turned.

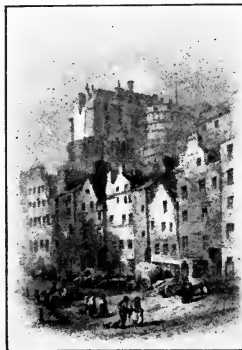
The Covenanters rose in arms, for their turn had come, and sacked the manses, insulted and reviled the ministers as

"priests of Baal," burned the prayer-books in heaps, and tore the gowns and vestments to shreds, "those rags of Rome," as they called them. Two hundred curates were expelled. Edinburgh was in a state of anarchy. They locked the churches and took away the keys.

William was greatly disliked in Scotland, his conformity to the English Church being his great offence.

The Earl of Argyle was advanced by William, and that was enough to rouse the MacLeans, MacNaughtons, the Stewarts of Appin, and the Camerons, who hated the race of Diarmid. The Macdonalds were against the side favored by MacCallum More. The Macdonalds of Glengarry, of Keppoch, of Sleat, of Glencoe, all poured in, less to put James on the throne again than to ruin the Campbell. A fleet of long boats brought five hundred MacLeans from Mull to the place appointed. Graham of Claverhouse led the malcontents, and a complete victory was gained at the Pass of Killicrankie ; an immense amount of spoil was carried off by the Highlanders.

No blacker crime stains the page of history than the massacre of Glencoe. The Macdonalds of Glencoe were bitterly hated by the Campbells, and the massacre is due to the advice of the Earls of Argyle and Breadalbane, and Lord Stair, who spoke of them as "vermin" to the King, and "banditti," and King William's sin was in punishing the tools with which they wreaked their vengeance, and letting these great sinners go free, who had certain'y duped him by their misrepresentations.



THE GRASSMARKET. EDINBURGH

One hundred and twenty soldiers went under the command of Campbell of Glenlyon, and asked for quarters. They were hospitably received and stayed twelve days, feasting with Glencoe people. The massacre took place at five in the morning, on the 13th February, A.D. 1690. All passes were stopped, yet as the village was long, many escaped, the chief's eldest son for one. The aged chief and his wife were cruelly murdered. This terrible event raised a very bitter feeling against William (as it was done under his sign manual), and made Jacobites of every Highland clan save the Campbells.

One important act, the establishment of schools for the people, took place in this reign, a really permanent good, and the best thing in it, which has stood the test of time, raised Scotland among the nations, and made her leaders of literature in the British Isles.

The door of knowledge led her sons through other doors, which flew open as they advanced, and this "little learning" called "*a dangerous thing*" gave them a great advantage over the sister islands. Many petty posts were given to the man or woman who could say their multiplication without a slip, foremen in the factories, stewards on the ships, sergeants in the army, were all Scotchmen.

They took to their horn-book with unmistakable zeal,
 They thirsted for, and imbibed deeper learning too,
 They read and thought and argued for woe or weal,
 In three generations old Scotland was made anew.

It had grown, expanded, advanced in wealth and power,
 In material prosperity, in moral good ;
 It made strides from that sullen act in a happy hour
 From its old standpoint of power crude and rude.

It turned "Auld Reekie" with a magician's wand
 Into "modern Athens," a leader in polish and art,
 A producer of wonderful stories, and poems grand,
 The brain of the British Isles, and its great warm heart

Mary died 28th December, A.D. 1694, aged 32.

William died March 8th, 1702, aged 51.

They are buried together in Westminster Abbey.

William was a small, thin man ; the Queen very tall, a handsome woman. He took her arm when they walked together.



DRESS OF THE PERIOD

ANNE.

Born 6th February, 1665. Crowned, St. George's Day, 23rd April, 1702.

Married to Prince George of Denmark, 28th July, 1683.

Entirely English in taste and feeling. Never in Scotland.

The last British Sovereign who touched for the King's evil.

She revived the Order of the Thistle.

Union between England and Scotland signed 22nd July, 1707.

The Scottish Parliament was dissolved 28th April, 1708, the Scotch and English to be henceforth one people.

Queen Anne was not liked at all beyond the Forth,

And the union with England was not a popular measure ;
She was sometimes contemptuously called "Auld Nance" in the North
And her love for the English Church caused great displeasure.

With terrible riots, a torrent of opposition,

Was this union accomplished at length and made a law.
The Parliament in furious disposition
In every clause of the Union found a flaw.

Noble, and burgess, commoner and lord,

Cameronians, and Papists, at one in their opposition ;
The clergy, the merchants, and every Highland horde.
Hated the Union and fought against transition.

By chicanery, guile, and firmness, 't was carried at last,
Against the general wish of the whole Scotch nation,
Against the general sense of the people passed,
Leaving every class in a state of exasperation.

Queen Anne died 1st August, 1714, aged 50.
Buried in Westminster Abbey.

Queen Anne had a great love for the Church of England.
Like her father, she was extremely obstinate and bigoted.
She was profuse in her generosity to her friends, or those she
thought her friends.



YOUNG ST. GEORGE

James the Eighth of Scotland at the age of fourteen
Queen Anne's young half-brother.

GEORGE THE FIRST.

My brave, gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn,
 Your deeds proved so loyal
 In hot, bloody trial,
 Alas ! can I make you no sweeter return ?
 —*The Chevalier's Lament*, by Burns.

HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK, FAMILY OF GUELPH,
 ELECTOR OF HANOVER.

Descended from Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England.

Born 28th May, A.D. 1666.

Married to Sophia Dorothea of Zell, 28th November, 1682. Succeeded to the throne of Great Britain, 2nd August, 1714. Known in Scotland as "the wee, wee German Lairdie." Never in Scotland. Declared in his first speech that he would never oppose either Lords or Commons, and it would be their own fault if they were not pleased. Almost as soon as he landed petitions were presented to him, against the Union, by the Scotch. No notice taken. In October, 1715, the Earl of Derwentwater and Mr. Forster proclaimed James the Third of England and Eighth of Scotland, in Warkworth and Morpeth and Alnwick. Viscount Kenmuir and the Earls of Carnworth and Wintoun, proclaimed him in various parts of Scotland ; the Clan Mackintosh rose in arms at the head of ten thousand men. A battle was fought at Sherrifmuir. Both sides claim the victory. Prince James, son of James the Second (called in France the Chevalier St. George, in Scotland King James the Eighth, and in England the "Old Pretender)," landed soon after the battle, when all hope was abandoned. He returned to France, but the principal Jacobite lords were taken prisoners, and after a one-sided trial were beheaded on Tower Hill, in London. Nithsdale escaped. The ladies of the condemned lords appealed to the Lords and Commons and besieged the King in his very bed-chamber, but all in vain. The extreme severity used made the Government unpopular, and strengthened the Jacobite cause.

In Scotland King George was hated and despised,
 A feeling the King was not at all slow to return ;
 Without being a sage, he very truly surmised
 If the Jacobite rose, which way the North would turn.

Warm, kindly feelings, old memories, romance,
 And stubbornness, "dourness" held them firm and true
 To the banished race of Stuart, now in France
 Who had made them so cruelly, bitterly to rue.

Their thought was to bind them up, and strap them down
 By laws ; and settle them on the throne again,
 Restore past grandeur, splendor and renown,
 And down the "auld enemy" with might and main.

Break through the hateful Union and be free,
 Call back their King, and once more have their own,
 Be free to pray, fight, trade and disagree
 With no one bound but the King upon the throne.

Their dream vanished quickly, with sword and axe and block,
 Their handsome young Stuart fled away over the main,
 The nation staggered, recovered from the shock,
 And very soon took heart to dream again.

George died suddenly at Osnabruck, June, 1727. Buried
 in Hanover.

GEORGE THE SECOND.

Born 30th October, 1683.

Married to Caroline Wilimena of Anspach, 22nd August,
 1704.

Never in Scotland. Like his father, very unpopular there.
 He had a disgraceful and heathen court.

Porteous Riot in Edinburgh, 7th September, 1736.

Rebellion, headed by Prince Charles Edward (son of the
 old Pretender, grandson of James the Second. His mother
 was the Princess Clementina, granddaughter of John Sobieski,
 King of Poland). This Prince is called "the Adventurer,"
 "the young Pretender," and "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

His standard was erected by the Marquis of Tullibardine,
 at Glenfinnan, 19th August, A.D. 1745.

Edinburgh surrendered on the 16th September, without bloodshed, and on the following day James the Eighth was proclaimed at the Cross, and his son declared Regent. The Castle still held out for King George. On the 21st September, Prince Charles gained the battle of Prestonpans. He led the troops on foot, and the Cameron men did terrible execution in their charge. Prince Charles had the wounded prisoners cared for, and behaved with great humanity and moderation. His mistake was in not taking Edinburgh Castle by stratagem. Impossible, you say? Not at all. What has been done once, can be done again.

He took Carlisle, and marched into England as far as Derby. He was finally beaten at the battle of Culloden, by the Duke of Cumberland, 16th April, 1746. The Duke of Argyle and Lord Forbes brought their whole strength to bear against Prince Charlie. Thirty thousand pounds reward was offered to any one who would betray him. He did not escape to France till 29th September, 1746, and over one hundred people assisted him. Flora Macdonald was imprisoned in the Tower of London for helping him; Lady Mackintosh was confined



THE GREATEST DUKE OF ARGYLE

Who brought the whole strength of Clan Campbell against Prince Charlie

"Argyle, the States whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field."—*Pope*.

in Inverary, and insulted by the Duke of Cumberland, who burnt the houses of Glengarry, Lochiel, and Fraser, Lord Lovat, besides committing terrible cruelties among the common people in the Highlands.

The Clans were broken up, the Highland tartan prohibited, and the wearing of trousers enforced by law. The disgusted Highlanders fulfilled the law by slinging these garments over their shoulders on a stick, or tying them round their necks and bodies, the letter of the law being— not to appear abroad without them.

If I had lived in seventeen forty-five,
I should have had a wondrous tale to tell,
Of gallant lords and ladies then alive
Called Jacobites ; but time has broke the spell.
Gone are the bonnets blue,
The white rose faded, too,
Old cries sound faintly over hill and dell.
The steps of those who bore the Fiery Cross
Are faint and far away.
Brave words of those who ruin faced and loss,
The gathering and rushing of the fray,
Pibroch and bugle call,
The screaming pipes and all,
Are but a distant echo in our day.

The fair-haired Prince, with eyes of star-like brightness,
Whose clear voice summoned every Highland clan,
With tartans bright, cockade of snowy whiteness
And "all the ladies with him to a man."*
"Wha can forget Prince Charlie
And the bonnie house of Airlie ?
Just picture him now, bairnies, if you can."

What say you, reader, very wise and sage ?
"Prince Charlie loved his bottle and his dinner ;
He died in lone, dishonored age,
A poor, old, weary, miserable sinner."
Show not too much disdain,
Study that wild campaign,
Which made the lad a loser, yet a winner.

*Remark of an Irish contemporary.

Look on the map and trace his gallant fleetness,
 His rapid, brilliant march o'er hill and plain !
 Imagine this fresh boy, all smiles and sweetness,
 Come home to rouse old Holyrood again !
 Change solitude and dearth
 To gaiety and mirth,
 With dance and song and many a glad refrain !

For facts, my dears, are facts, you can't deny them,
 And even wise men liked, who disapprove
 The Prince Pretender, though he sorely tried them.
 For, oh ! he had the power of winning love.
 Men died for him with gladness
 And we may call it madness,
 But this power is God-given from above.

Let some sweet lassie touch her harp and sing,
 Till you wish you lived in seventeen forty-five,
 And as her fingers linger on the string
 You'll know Prince Charlie even yet alive.
 His glories are not past,
 While song and music last,
 And youth, and love, and loyalty survive.



THE CASTLE OF DOUNE

Prince Charles Stuart. Disposal of his prisoners after the battle of Falkirk, A.D. 1746

King George died suddenly at Kensington Palace, 25th
 October, 1760, aged 77. Buried in Westminster Abbey.



ROUTE OF PRINCE CHARLIE'S ARMY—GLENFINNAN TO CARLISLE

JACOBITE SONGS.

BONNIE CHARLIE

By Lady Nairne.

Bonnie Charlie's now awa'
 Safely o'er the friendly main ;
 Monie a heart will break in twa
 Should he ne'er come back again.
 Will ye no come back again ?
 Will ye no come back again ?
 Better lo'ed ye canna be,
 Will ye no come back again ?

We watched thee in the gloaming hour,
 We watched thee in the morning grey,
 Tho' thirty thousand pounds they'd gie
 Oh ! there was nane that wad betray.
 Will ye no, etc.

Sweet the laverock's note and lang,
 Liltin' wildly up the glen ;
 But to me he sings ae sang,
 Will ye no come back again ?
 Will ye no, etc.

JACOBITE SONG.

By Lady Nairne.

The Esk was swollen sae red and sae deep,
 But shoulder to shoulder the brave lads keep.
 Twa thousand swam o'er to fell English ground,
 And danced themselves dry to the pibrochs' sound.
 Dumfounded the English saw, they saw,
 Dumfounded they heard the blaw, the blaw,
 Dumfounded they ran awa, awa—
 From the hundred pipers an' a' an' a'.

OH ! WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

(Authorship of this song disputed.)

On hills that are by right his ain,
 He roams a lonely stranger,
 On every side he's pressed by want,
 On every side has danger ;
 Yestreen I met him in the glen,
 My heart near bursted fairly,
 For sadly changed was he indeed,
 Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie.

The night came on, the tempest roared
 Loud o'er the hills and valleys,
 And where was that our Prince lay down
 Whose home should be a palace ?
 He rowed him in his Highland plaid
 That covered him but sparely,
 And slept beneath a bush o' broom—
 Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie.

CARLISLE YETTS (Gates)

(Author Unknown.)

White was the rose in his gay bonnet
 As he faulded me in his broached plaidie,
 His hand, whilk clasped the truth o' love—
 Oh ! it was aye in battle readie !
 His lang, lang hair, in yellow hanks
 Waved o'er his cheek sae sweet and ruddie.
 But now they wave o'er Carlisle yetts,
 In dripping ringlets, clotted bloodie.

SWEET JACOBITE SONGS.

“The bonnie house of Airlie.”
 “The White Cockade.”
 “My Donald wears a bonnet blue.”
 “Adieu for evermore.”
 “Oh ! Row me o'er to Charlie.”
 “Here's a health to him that's awa'.”

And fifty more. Look up the old music, bairns, and try your
 voices in a Jacobite concert.

END OF "CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."

'T is up yon heathery mountain
And down yon s roggie glen,
We dare'na gae a-milking
Fo Charlie and hi men.
Oh ! Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling.
Oh ! Charlie is my darling,
The young chevelier.

THE SEVEN MEN OF GLENMORRISTON.

Outlaws who cherished and protected Prince Charlie in their cave. Might have got their pardon by betraying him, as well as the reward of thirty thousand pounds.

Robbers and thieves, yet very noble men,
Because most true and faithful to their word ;
An honor to that wild and savage glen ;
Loyal through all temptation to their lord.
All born for nobler lives, and better things,
Had kindly "Fortune smiled upon their birth,"
For they were Nature's gentlemen and kings,
And rags and sheep-skins could not hide their worth.
They brought Prince Charlie bread and flesh and wine,
Linen and broadcloth, whisky, cheese and wood ;
They waited on him when he sat to dine,
And listened to his prayers in softened mood ;
Took his rebuke for swearing in good part,
Cherished him and obeyed for fourteen days ;
And risked their lives for him with all their heart ,
Without a thought of recompense or praise.

Their names were Patrick Grant, Black Peter Fiskin, John Macdonald, alias Campbell, Alexander Donald, and Christian Donald, his brother, Gregor MacGregor, and MacMillan.



GEORGE THE THIRD.

Born 4th June, 1738.

Married to Charlotte of Mecklenburg Strelitz, 8th September 1761.

Crowned with his Queen, 22nd September, 1761.

Never visited Scotland, but greatly encouraged agriculture there, as in England, and he had a much kinder feeling for Scotland than any of his predecessors of the House of Brunswick, and disapproved of the cruelties of the Duke of Cumberland to the Highlanders. The Earl of Bute was his tutor, so if he never visited the North, the North visited him to some purpose, for to this nobleman we attribute the King's political intolerance. We must not forget his great wish before his fatal malady, that every child in his dominion had a Bible, and knew how to read it.

The Gordon Riots broke out in London on the 2nd June, 1780, led by a Scotchman, Lord George Gordon, a Protestant bigot with a bee in the bonnet. The mob burned the prisons at Newgate, the King's Bench, and the Fleet, besides several private houses of Catholics, and attacked the Bank of England.

Wonderful Scotchmen mark King George's reign—

Ramsay and Smollett, Robert Burns and Watt,
Brave Sir John Moore, who fought and died in Spain,—
Last, noblest, greatest, came Sir Walter Scott.

Who turned our youthful thoughts to high romance,—

Beckoned us to his country's rugged shore,
Lifted the veil and showed us at a glance
Treasures and beauties never seen before.

He opened Scotland to the whole wide earth,

Reached forth his hand and bade men come and see,
Not a harsh world of scarcity and dearth,
But glorious rivers rolling to the sea.—

And forests vast, and ruins grand and hoary,
And little trickling rills, and mountain caves,—
And castles full of legends strange and gory,
And kings and queens of old, and martyrs' graves.

Just as Columbus gave new worlds to Spain,
— With unworked mines of untouched virgin ore,—
So did Sir Walter's great and fertile brain,
Open a world that no man knew before.



SIR WALTER SCOTT.
After portrait by Raeburn.

It was a busy century,—war with France,—
War with America,—made the world ring again ;
Yet this man turned our thoughts to past romance,
Bade us look back to bygone times and men.

And other voices came from Scotland, too,
Lady Anne Lindsay, Hogg and Lady Nairne,
Succeeding Burns, made music wild and true ;
Joanna Baillie brightened rock and cairn.

With gayest lilt, and love songs quaint and sweet,
And ballads humorous, joyous, bright and gay,—
A trill from these past song-birds is a treat,
Even in our rushing, sordid, worldly day.



WATT'S FIRST DREAM OF THE STEAM ENGINE

George the Third died at Windsor Castle, 27th January, 1820, aged 82.

Reigned 60 years. Buried at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. He allowed Prince Henry, Cardinal York, the last Stuart, a pension of four thousand pounds per annum. This Prince died in Rome in 1807, in his 82nd year. Prince Charlie died 31st January, 1788.

HERRING FISHING.

“ Buy my caller herrin’ !
 Hauled through wind and rain.
 Oh ! ye may ca’ them vulgar farin’,
 They’re not brought here without brave darin’ :
 Wives and mithers, maist dispairin’—
 Ca’ them lives o’ men.”

—*Lady Nairne.*



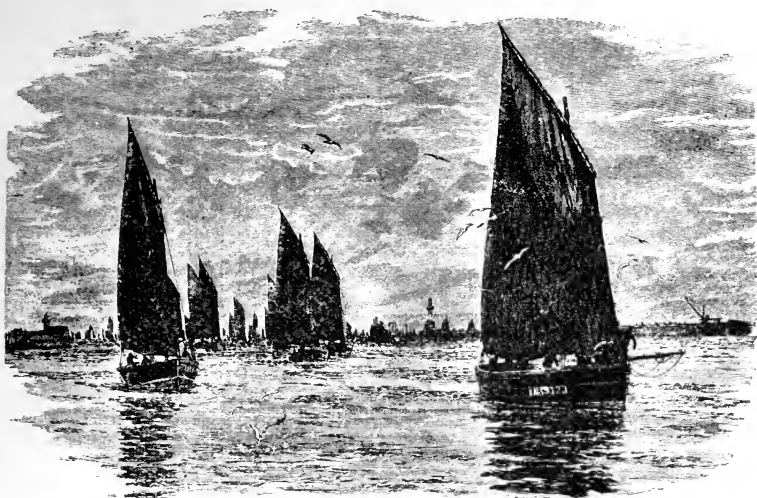
NEWHAVEN FISHWIVES

THE HERRING FLEET.

The night is still, the night is bright
 And fair as fair can be ;
 The herring fleet, a glorious sight,
 Is creeping out to sea.

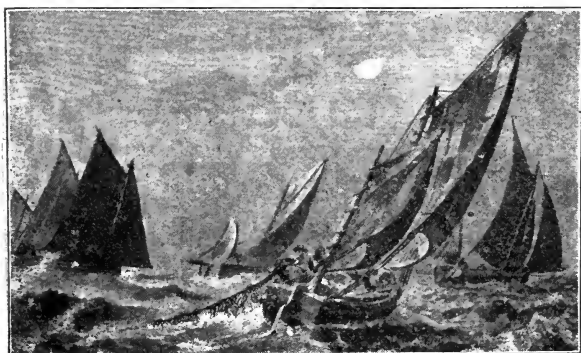
For million mouths does God provide
 His sweet abundant food,
 The dark sails carried by His tide
 To feed the fishers' brood.

We do our part, we trust and toil
And spread abroad our net ;
The sea is teeming with its spoil
And God does not forget.



DEPARTURE OF THE HERRING FLEET]

The sails grow shadowy in the dark,
And faint and far away ;
The "gude" wives watch each fading ark,
And mend the nets and pray.



THE FLEET COMING HOME

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF SCOTLAND

"Father and son, may God's haud care
For them as far they roam ;
May He provide our winter fare
And bring them safely home.



ABERDEEN FISHWIFE

They face the cauld to keep us warm,
And risk their lives for food.
O ! Lord, protect them from the storm
And bring them to their brood.



HERRING CLEANERS AT WORK

They do not sail with mischief rife,
To spill a nation's blood,
They go for peace, and not for strife,—
Consider them, O God ! ”

The sun glints out, the sails appear,
Our terrors all are o'er ;
With joy and thankfulness and cheer
We haul them into shore.

GEORGE THE FOURTH.

Called “ The First Gentleman in Europe. ”

Born 12th August, 1762.

Married to Caroline of Brunswick, 8th April, 1795.

Made Regent, November, 1810.

Crowned King, July 10, 1821.

Visited Scotland A D. 1824.

Had a most enthusiastic reception. Wore a Highland dress in Edinburgh, and was painted in that costume. In Edinburgh he had especially a thundering greeting, and the success of his reception was greatly due to the exertions of Sir Walter Scott, then Sheriff of Selkirkshire. At his request the attainders of the Jacobites were reversed, and their titles

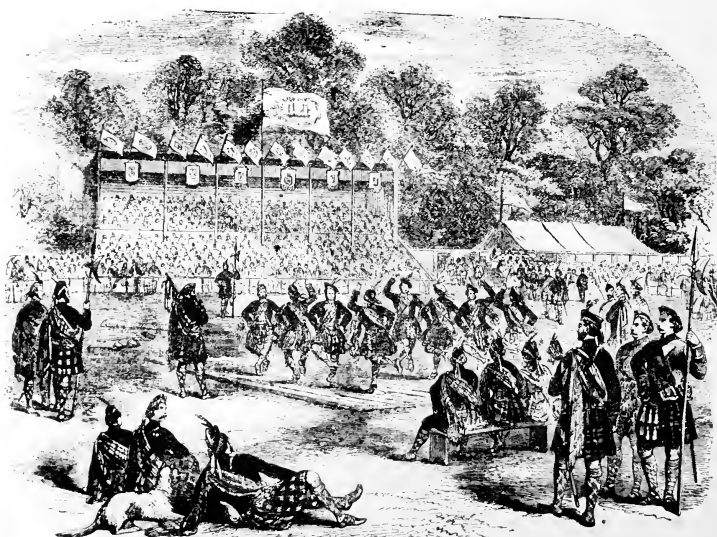


SCOTS GREYS

restored, and "Mons Meg" was returned to Edinburgh. It had been removed to England for spite, after Culloden, because the Scotch loved it.

This king made a progress of royal civility,
And with gracious politeness he came to the North,
The Scotch caught his humor : the cream of gentility
All over Great Britain streamed over the Forth,
And "Auld Reekie" teemed with great men of ability,
And ladies with bright eyes to see George the Fourth,—
All rigged out in tartans, a wonderful sight,
Which made Jacobite satirists snicker outright.

For old men and women remembered *another* prince,
The prince of all hearts, and of glories long past ;
No royalty had favored Holyrood since,
And this jolly "first gentleman" was a contrast.
But he came with good humor, a right gracious prince,
With honors substantial, and a retinue vast,
And all that he said was both courteous and kind,—
He brought pleasure with him, and left it behind.



HIGHLAND GATHERING AT EDINBURGH

Said Sir Walter, "I *am* clean ashamed of the weather,"
As the torrents poured down which were called "tears of joy,"
But the king and his subjects all feasted together
And no trifling clouds could their pleasure alloy ;
And hundreds of Highlanders came from the heather,—
Indeed 't was a great demonstration of joy,
In procession and drinking and music and dress,
'T was a royal, financial, and social success.

King George died in Windsor Castle, 26th June, 1830, aged 68. Buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

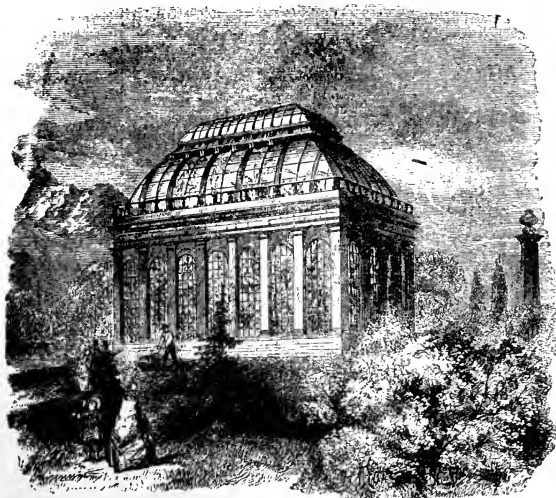
He contributed very largely to a beautiful monument erected to the memory of the Stuart princes in Rome, and the last prince in direct descent (last heir), from James the Seventh of Scotland, and Second of England, Prince Henry, Cardinal York, left valuable jewels, pictures, and documents to George the Fourth.

WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

Born 21st August, 1765.

Married to the Princess Adelaide of Saxe Meiningen, 18th July, 1818.

Crowned 1830.



NEW PALM HOUSE, EDINBURGH

Never visited Scotland, but he had a man-of-war comfortably fitted up for Sir Walter Scott to go abroad for his health, after his first paralytic attack.

Now came Macaulay, Irving and Carlyle,
Christopher North, a giant in his strength,
And railroads, too, to shorten many a mile,
Which now have traversed through the whole lands' length.'
Still shepherds studied their bibles on hillside,
And patient teachers sent great scholars forth,
Diffusing general knowledge far and wide
And adding pride and lustre to the North.

King William died at Windsor Castle, 20th June, 1837,
aged 72.

VICTORIA.

AS QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

Born 24th May, 1819, in Kensington Palace.

Crowned 28th June, 1838, in Westminster Abbey.



THE QUEEN IN 1869
From the Painting by Thomas

Married to Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg Gotha, 10th February, 1840.

Visited Scotland with Prince Albert in 1842, meeting with an enthusiastic reception everywhere.

In 1848 the Queen and Prince Albert first visited Balmoral.

"Far-sighted summoner of war and waste,
To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace."

—Tennyson.



PRINCE ALBERT AT THE AGE OF TWENTY

Victoria reigned in every Scotchman's heart,
Did she not choose her home among his hills?
She joyed to cross the Tweed, grieved to depart,—
He knew she loved his valleys, rocks and hills.

When first she touched his heath, and ever since,
'T was her heart's home from palace unto cot,
Her one dear daughter not given to a prince,
Was given in happy marriage to a Scot.

She was born in England, it was her flesh and bone,
 A part of herself, her dignity, crown and race,
 But "Dear Scotland,"* was her fancy, her *choice*, her own,
 Her second love, her pet nest, her peculiar place.

For in Scotland she was herself, she was at home,
 She was just as free as a woman peasant-born,
 Not bound in etiquette, or chained to the throne,
 But happy as a lark from the early morn.



THE QUEEN AND JOHN BROWN

At liberty to stroll, and sketch, and be glad,
 And *safe*,—for nothing disloyal could touch her here,
 And quite at ease, to be merry, pensive, or sad,
 With no foe to watch, or criticize, or sneer.

Just then with no memory of pomp or power,
 The sceptre forgotten, the shadow of the throne,
 And boredom in London, as far away as the Tower,
 To have seen her strolling about her home alone.

*Her own words.



A ROYAL DEER-STALKING PARTY

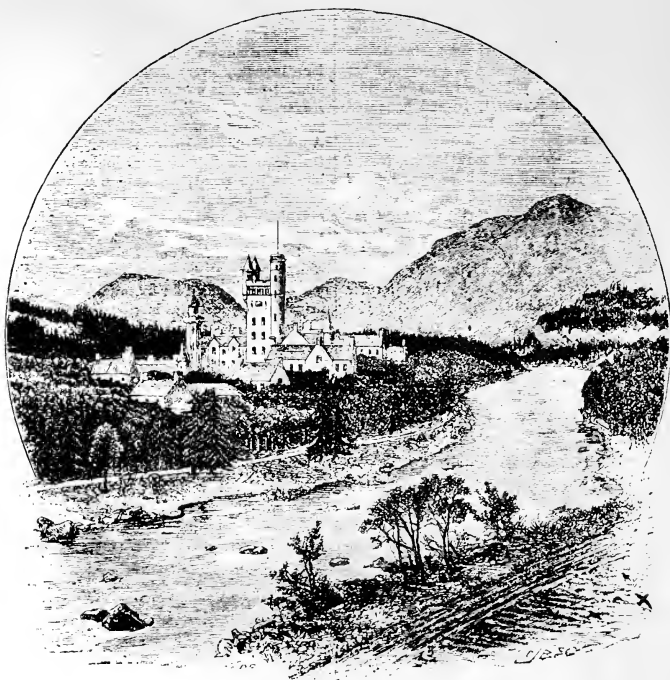
If you'd seen our little old lady, seen her there
In holiday mood, enjoying her home with zest,
Pleased and pleasing, friendly and free from care,
You'd have seen Her Majesty at her very best.



QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1898
From the sketch by Mr. Nicholson

Stout, peaceful in face, and very clear of voice,
"The most truthful human being"* John Bright ever knew
To have seen our Queen in the Highland home of her choice,
Our dear, lost aged Queen, the noble and true.

On the hills, her grim friends, in the valleys dear to her heart,
For the sake of past joy, and youth, and auld lang syne ;
I'm glad that she had this spot to herself apart,
As glad for her, as if that home were mine.



BALMORAL CASTLE
The Queen's Scottish Home

Died at Osborne Palace, Isle of Wight, January 22nd, 1901
Buried at Frogmore, Windsor

*John Bright's words.

THE FREE KIRK.

Four hundred and seventy ministers left their manses at one time.*

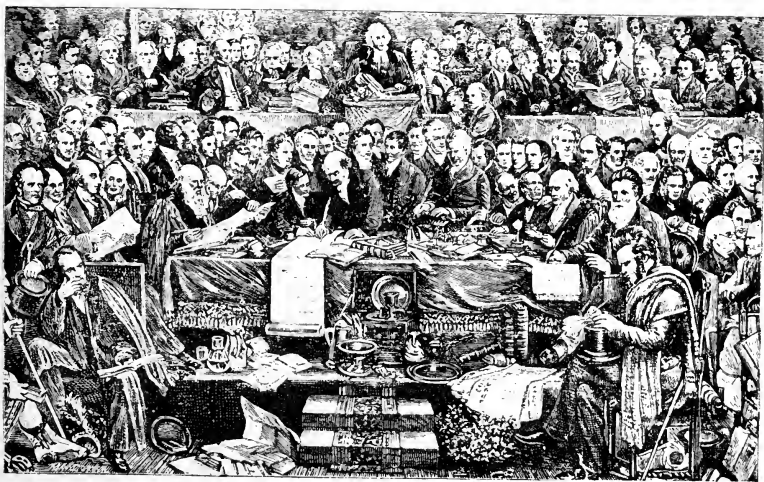
RIVAL SNEERS OF THE TIME.

"The Free Kirk, the wee Kirk, the Kirk without a steeple."

"The auld Kirk, the cauld Kirk, the Kirk without a people."

The power of the Covenant seemed to come back,
 And they fought their church battle with wonderful pluck,
 The rich gave their thousands, the poor did not lack
 Their hardly-earned shilling, their wish of good luck
 That came from the heart ; they did all that they could,
 And turned their whole strength to the cause they thought good.

The ministers were quite heroic and grand,
 They gave up their comforts, and turned out of doors
 And trusted to God, without money or land,—
 Left their manses and gathered their flocks on the moors,
 And prayed, preached and sang, and most nobly withstood
 All temptations and trusted to God for their food.



THE FIRST ASSEMBLY OF THE FREE KIRK

*All one again, save twenty-seven

Not in vain did they trust, for in one little year,
Dr. Guthrie raised hundreds of thousands of pounds,
Chalmers opened all hearts for the cause he held dear,—
And all pockets ; they gave without limit or bounds.
Soon the life-boat looked better than the old ship of state,
And dislike and suspicion began to abate.

Immense congregations without church or cover,
Went to hear the "pure word" on the bleak upland moors,
They tramped it for miles, gathered in from all over,
Leaving joyfully, empty kirks at their own doors.
Bairns by hundreds were baptized abroad in the air,
And thousands joined in the Lord's Supper and prayer.

Fanatics ? Well, maybe, but noble, sublime,
As their charities prove, and their saintly abettors ;
For sure 'tis much better to starve in our time,
And be free, than endure life in shackles and fetters.
"A leap in the dark," say our foes who deride.
No ; They saw by God's light and were catching the tide.



DAVID LIVINGSTONE

EDWARD THE SEVENTH.

Born in London, November 9th, 1841.

Married to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, March 10th, 1863, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

Succeeded to the throne January 22nd, 1901.

Perish all party strife ;
Waken true patriot life ;
 God save the King !
Perish distrust and scorn,
Be nobler feeling born ;
Bright dawns another morn—
 God save the King !



GOD SAVE THE KING.



THE PRESENT KING AND QUEEN
When Prince and Princess of Wales



DR. SIMPSON
The discoverer of Chloroform



THE "HOY EXPRESS," ORKNEY ISLANDS
Reign of Edward the Seventh



DEER STALKING

APPENDIX.

HIGHLAND CLANS.



"Although tradition assigns to them an origin which is *untrue*, still we can invariably trace in some part of that tradition, *the real story*."—SKENE.

HIGHLAND CLANS.

Now children springing from a race,
That never turned their backs,
Behold a moral in this place
For all the little Macs.

The sins and virtues here are told
Of your own special brood ;
Who struggled in the days of old,—
I tell them for your good.

A separate word of kin and kind
Belonging to your race ;
Encouragement to bear in mind,
And warning from disgrace.

THE WHOLE TOOK THE NAME OF THEIR CHIEF.

I want to tell you something, now, my dears,
 About the clans, especially the Macs,
 All fighting men for years and years and years,
 Who seldom in the centuries turned their backs,
 But wrestled on through tumult, blood and tears,
 Taking and giving wounds and blows and whacks,
 At the bidding of their chiefs in *any* cause,
 Who cared for customs more than rules or laws.



SCENE IN SCOTLAND

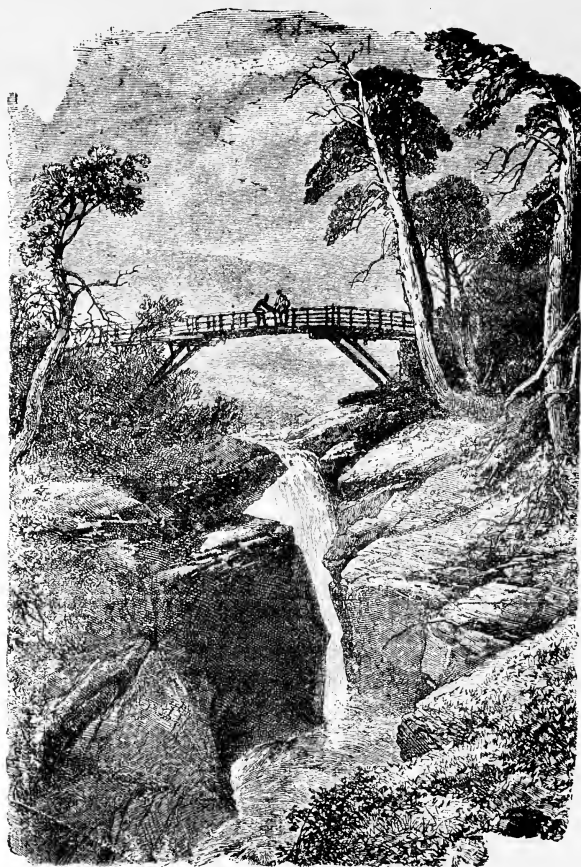
Their shoes were deerskin with the hair outside,
 Which gave the name of "Red Shanks" to these men ;
 And tartan plaids their brawny shoulders hide ;
 Their homes rude huts in some secluded glen,
 Their weapons all their property and pride,
 These wild, bold, savage, superstitious men ;
 They wore no trousers, but a kilt or skirt,
 Their only clothing, save the plaid and shirt.



FINGAL'S CAVE, STAFFA, SCOTLAND

No mountain panther more alert and fleet,—
 Give them a long broadsword and on they go ;
 Who would charge the foe in their shirts, with naked feet,
 And sleep with head on a stone or lump of snow
 (Coarse oatmeal and dried flesh, their daily meat),
 Wade streams wa'st deep, swift as a mountain roe ;
 Plunderers and fighters they, wondrous and hardy,
 Never for blows or pillage late or tardy.

The chief sent forth a charred and bloody cross,
To summon his retainers to the fight,
That cross meant fire and sword, murder and loss,
March on the instant, whether day or night,
To the place appointed, over moor and moss,—
The cause ? No matter; no man thought of flight.
Off like a bloodhound, speed and scent the prey,
Obey your chief who calls and leads the way.



THE LINN OF DEE

These chiefs were petty kings, both loved and feared,
Who dealt to their subjects honors, life and death ;
Each clansman owned his chief, honored, revered,
And trusted and obeyed with sturdy faith.

A loyalty which each man prized and shared,
 And clung to spite of ruin, wrong and skaith ;
 This faith in the chief a heavenly impress bore,
 Virtue in service which we see no more.

Try and get *out of yourselves*, my lads and lasses,
 And look not on these men with modern eyes,
 For loyalty all other faith surpasses,
 It is truth refined, it never shirks or flies,
 Or blanches, or turns back in desperate passes ;
 If the man can't shield or aid his chief, he dies.
 This was the glory of the Highland man,
 To die for the head, the father of his clan.



THE CRADLE OF NOSS, SHETLAND
 With rope bridge across the chasm.

It was the policy of the Scottish crown,
 To keep the Highland clans at feud and strife
 One with another ; lest some royal town
 Be burnt, if they rose up for mischief rife,
 Against the King to fight and put him down,—
 War being the game of their unruly life.
 A cruel and short-sighted policy,
 As many a Scottish monarch lived to see,

CLANSHIP AND TARTANS.

The introduction of Clanship and Tartan is beyond the reach of history.

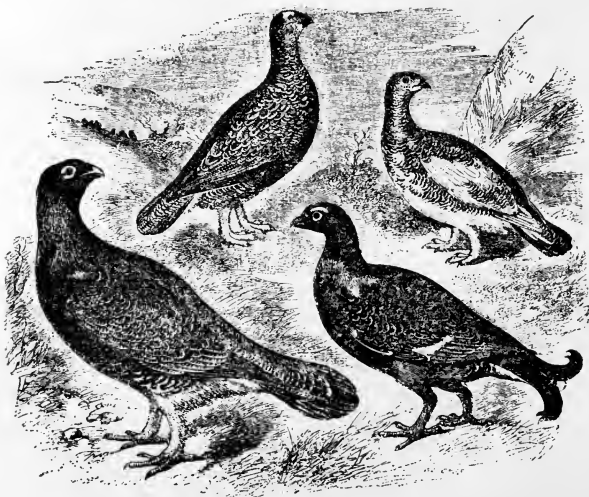
It must be understood that many clans have from one to five various tartans: the common clan tartan, the chief's tartan (worn only by the chief and his heir), the dress tartan, the hunting tartan, and the mourning tartan. The tartan of the clergy connected with the Highland clans is blue.

The first royal record of the use of tartan is in the reign of James the Third, though it was used commonly some hundreds of years before. Charles the Second at his marriage wore royal Stuart tartan ribbons.

The oldest Highland Clan is—

MACALPIN.

This most ancient clan is, according to tradition, "contemporary with the formation of the hills and streams," of the same race as the old royal family of Scotland, though whether this family is founded by a son of the King or a brother, is uncertain. Badge—The Pine Tree. War cry—"Remember the death of Alpin."



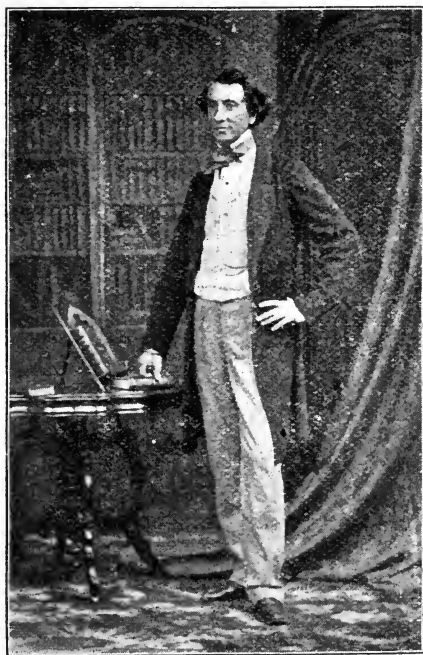
GROUSE

MACDONALD.

MEANING— "SON OF THE BROWN-EYED."

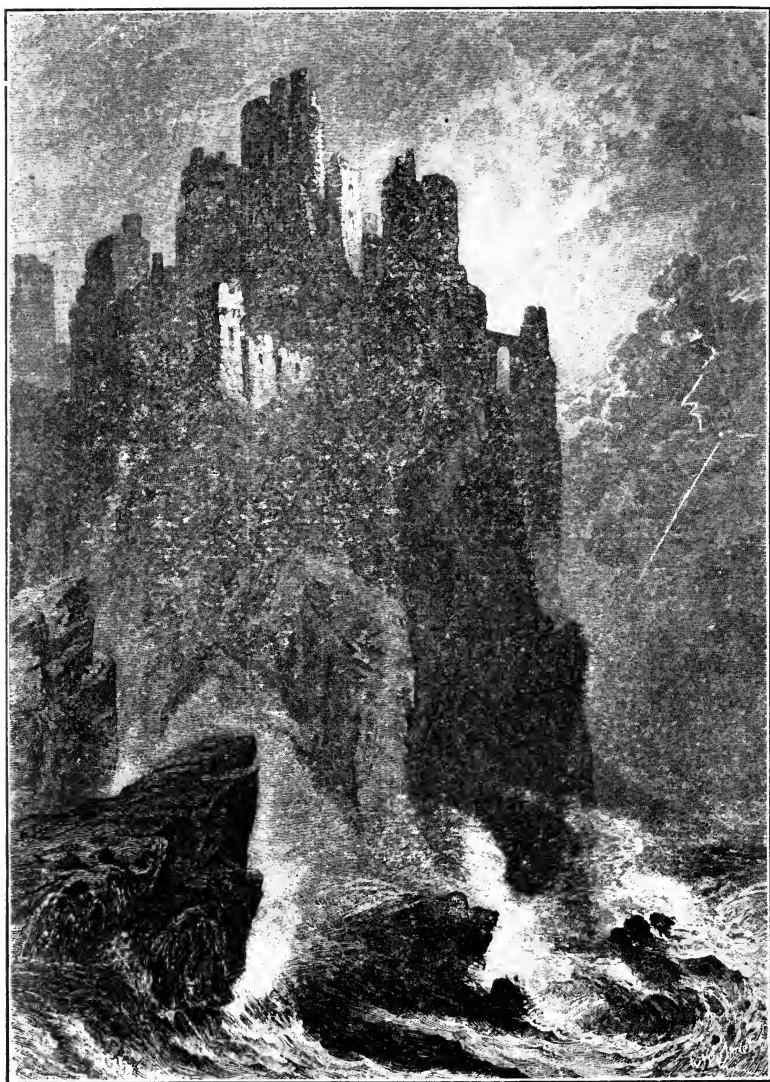
MOTTO—"VIRTUE FOR ITSELF ALONE."

The chief of the Macdonalds, descended from Somerled, was of Norse origin. Lords of the Isles, independent of the Scottish Kings, making separate treaties with foreign powers, until 1411, when Donald submitted to James the First of Scotland. Holding the lands of Locmaben, Glencoe, Durony, and the Islands of Mull and Tyree, commanding many other tribes in war.



SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

Great names belong to this clan. Flora Macdonald, Marshal Macdonald, one of Napoleon's bravest generals; Sir John A. Macdonald, Premier of Canada, who formed the Dominion of Canada, and many others.



A STRONGHOLD OF THE MACDONALDS

A mighty race these Donalds were,
 "Stalwart and stout and true,"
 They fought with Bruce at Bannockburn,
 And made the English rue.

Just read Sir Walter Scott, my dears,
 And he'll soon gar ye ken,
 How "Donald came branking down the brae •
 With twenty thousand men."

In all the records of this tribe,
 In olden times you know,
 There is no word of fraud or bribe,
 There's nothing mean or low.

A Highland proverb says of them,
 "As warrior, chief, or lover,
 A Macdonald for cleverness
 All the world over."

Flora Macdonald's funeral was attended by three thousand people of the name, who were entertained for some days at an immense funeral feast.

War cry of Macdonald of Clanranald—"Gainsay who dare."

War cry of Macdonald of Glengarry—"The Raven's Rock."

Clanranald brought into the field for Prince Charlie 700 fighting men.

Macdonald of Sleat mustered 700 fighting men in 1745.

Macdonald of Glengarry, 500 fighting men. Stood for King George, but was not in the field. Neutral, with a secret leaning to Charles Edward.

Badge for all the Macdonalds—The Common Heath.

CAMPBELL.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLE, CHIEF.

A branch of the clan Macdonald. The name either from Campo Bella or Cam-Beul (Gaelic), meaning "an arched mouth," or wry mouth. Of the race of Diarmid.

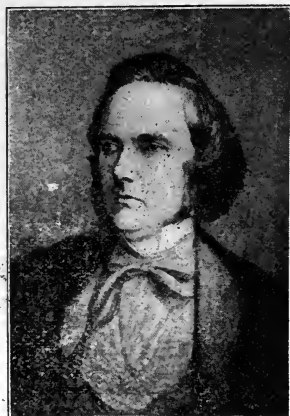
They fought against Bruce. They originally paid tribute to the Lords of the Isles, but were backed by the Stuarts, especially James the Fifth, who gave them some of the Mac-



THE PRESENT DUKE OF ARGYLE, WHEN MARQUIS OF LORNE

By courtesy of *London Graphic*

donald possessions, with letters of "fire and sword, to take and keep" them. In the end the Macdonalds paid tribute to the Campbells, but not without a desperate wrestle for supremacy. John, second Duke of Argyle, was the most remarkable man of this clan.



THE LATE DUKE OF ARGYLE.

Campbell of Breadalbane and Campbell of Cauder are branches of the same clan ; the last a very grasping race in early days.

Badge—Wild Myrtle.

Campbell of Loudon is also of this race.

Proverb of the MacLeans, hereditary enemy of the Campbells : "Fair and false like a Campbell."

The present Duke of Argyle married Queen Victoria's daughter, the Princess Louise, when Marquis of Lorne.

A powerful race of cunning men,
Whom no one could deride,
A Highland proverb says of them
"A Campbell for pride."



THE PRINCESS LOUISE
(By courtesy of *The London Graphic*.)

Argyle stood for the Covenant,
And suffered for it too,
With bitter hatred in his heart
To make the Graham rue.

Better in modern times than old,
To buckler the forlorn,
And quick to give kind word and gold
Were both Argyle and Lorne.

Better than hundreds of his race
Was Dr. Guthrie's friend,
In helping with the ragged schools,
He worked to a great end.

The clear head, and kindly heart,
The free and open hand,
We are the poorer for the loss
Of him in Auld Scotland.

Hundreds of aged pensioners
Were nourished at his door,
With meat and clothing in their age,—
And blessed MacCallum More.*

Argyle's March—"The Campbell's are Coming."
MacArthur, formerly the head of the Clan Campbell.
Lord Breadalbane's March—"The Carles with the Breeks."



THE CROSS OF INVERARY

*MacCallum More means "Son of Colin the Great."

CAMERON,
OF THE TRIBE OF MORAY

Meaning "crooked nose," is a Mac of three Septs ; Mac-Martins, MacGilleries, and MacSorlies. Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel killed the last wolf in the British Isles ; and was their grandest chief. The 79th Regiment, called The Camerons, is now disbanded, and drafted into other Highland regiments.

The Camerons ne'er flinched, were never afraid.
What valor, what guile, what strength they displayed,
When fighting the Ironsides, and making a stand !
What boldness in striking for their native land !



HIGHLANDERS

And old Cromwell treated Lochiel like a king,
He said—and his words to this day have a ring—
"I believe him, he's true with tongue, as with sword,
I want no oath here, but will take his bare word."

When Lochiel passed away, strong and deep was their grief,
A fine old man of ninety, their noblest chief ;
They were famous as fighters, these Cameron men,
As famed the world over as in their own glen.

I could not tell half the brave deeds they have done,
 Or what wonders these Camerons did later on ;
 Breaking tried veteran troops, they would push their way through,
 From the day Claverse died, down to grim Waterloo.

Our enemies change, but they're always about us,
 And oftener within us, than they are without us ;
 Should a Cameron, who never turned back at cauld steel
 Leave the right for the wrong, leave the good for the ill ?

MacMartins, MacGilleries, MacSorlies, MacGills—
 All people with great hearts, stout arms, and strong wills,
 You have mighty progenitors ; in your worst mood,
 Remember your forebears nor shame your gude blood.

War cry of the Cameron, "Sons of the hounds come here and
 get flesh." Fighting force in 1745, 800. For Frince Charlie.
 Badge—The Oak.

MACLEAN.

MEANING—"SON OF THE LION."

Supposed to be descended from an ancient Irish King, but
 there is no proof. Of the tribe of Moray. The supporters in the
 coat of arms, two very wise-looking seals. "Red Hector of
 the Battles" married a daughter of the "Red Douglas." A
 later MacLean left his wife to die on a lonely isle, still called
 "th: Lady's Rock." She was a Campbell. Her brother
 rescued her, and murdered her husband. The Fiery Cross
 flew over the hills, carried by swift runners. They wasted
 each others' land with fire and sword, and were at feud for a
 hundred years after. A Campbell proverb says, "A MacLean
 for boasting."

The chief of the MacLeans leagued with England to force
 the marriage of Queen Mary with Prince Edward.

A later MacLean brought five hundred brave men,
 Fighting men, fierce men, wild men and strong ;
 With bagpipe and broadsword they burst from their glen
 To fight for the Stuart and right his great wrong.

Whole-souled, true-hearted, he stood for his Prince,
 With love, meat and money, with fish, wine and game,
 "Virtue mine honor," his word then and since,
 Now take this to heart little Macs of this name.

CORONACH FOR THE CHIEF OF THE MACLEAN.

TRANSLATION.

"Thy dwelling is in the winter house,
 Loud, sad, sad,—and mighty is thy death song,
 Thou shalt buckle thy harness on no more."

(Words repeated again and again.)

A wailing, sorrowful tune, said to have been composed in a cave which the wind shrieks and moans through.

There is a presage or sign peculiar to the chief of the MacLeans, according to tradition. The spirit of an ancestor slain in battle is heard to gallop along a stony bank, and then thrice round the family residence as hard as he can pelt, ringing his fairy bridle as a warning of coming calamity.

There was a bond of friendship between Cameron and MacLean after 1426.

Badge—Blackberry.

MACLEAN'S WELCOME.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GAELIC.

PIPE MUSIC.

'Come o'er the stream Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
 Come o'er the stream Charlie, and dine with MacLean.
 And though you be weary, we'll make your heart cheery
 And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.



MACLEAN'S CROSS, IONA

We'll bring down the track deer, we'll bring down the black steer,
 The lamb from the bracken, the doe from the glen ;
 The salt sea we'll harry, and bring to our Charlie,
 The cream from the bothy, and curd from the pen.

Oh ! you shall drink freely, the dews of Glen Sheerly
 That stream in the starlight when kings do not ken ;*
 And deep be your meed of the wine that is red,
 To drink to your sire, and his friend the MacLean.
 If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,
 'Tis ready, a troop of our bold Highland men,
 Shall range on the heather, with bonnet and feather,
 Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten.

Fighting force, 500, in 1745. Professed to be neutral, but secretly upheld Prince Charlie. Were held back by President Forbes.

MACLACHLAN.

Said by tradition (according to the Rev. Thomas MacLachlan)—there is no written record—to have come from Ireland, springing from the O'Loughlans of Meath.* Great supporters of the Catholic Church in early times. Forty shillings a year was allowed by the Chief to the Friars of Brechen, in Glasgow, and ten stags, or red deer. The last Abbot of Iona was a MacLachlan.

The tartan is beautiful—red, black, and green. Badge—Mountain Ash.

Reverend Thomas MacLachlan has written an exhaustive history of the Scottish Clans. The poet MacLachlan was of this race. Robert is the twenty-second and present chief.

Force in 1745, 300. Gathering slogan—The Praise of Mary.

The estate of MacLachlan, eleven miles in length,
 Stretches close to the beautiful side of Loch Fyne.
 An old proverb says, they were "Holy in strength,"—
 Little Macs of that Sept, let this proverb be thine.

*Illicit distillery.

There was one of this name* in adversity brave,
 When tied for her faith to a stake in the sea,
 She clung to that faith and a watery grave,
 Firm and "holy in strength" as a martyr should be.



THE MACLACHLAN COAT OF ARMS

FORBES.

Lord President Forbes threw his whole strength against
 Prince Charlie at, and before, Culloden. He raised a Highland
 regiment for King George.

Badge---Broom.

The first Forbes killed three bears for Bess,
 The Lady of his love,
 And three bears' heads are on the shield,
 As you can see above.

But others say this is not true,
 The name means "a bold man,"
 And many bold men truly
 Have sprung from this great clan.

But "grace me guide," their motto is,
 And children of this name,
 May find a great thought hid in this,
 Above all earthly fame.



LORD FORBES' COAT OF ARMS

*Margaret MacLachlan.

GRANT.

Badge—A Pine Tree. Supposed to be of the same stock as the MacGregors. The chiefs claim a Norman descent, but without satisfactory proof. They are not mentioned in history till 1258, when a Grant was Sheriff of Inverness, and another Bishop of Moray. They rapidly increased in strength and importance and intermarried with great families. After Culloden eighty-four of the Glenmorriston Grants, who laid down their arms in May, were transported to Barbadoes as slaves, in violation of the terms of surrender. Badge—The Cranberry.—Others say, The Pine.

There are many branches of this clan. One was connected with the Urquharts. Two regiments of Grants were raised, the Grant Fencibles in 1793, and the old 97th, or "Strathspey Regiment." One was disbanded one hundred years ago, the other drafted into other Highland regiments.



THE BLIND PIPER.

Most comforting and beautiful hymns were written by one of this clan, and I transcribe one of the best as a lesson for all young Grants.

“ When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean who not in vain,
Experienced every human pain.
He sees my grief, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If ought should tempt my soul to stray,
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way ;
To fly the good I should pursue,
Or do the thing I would not do ;
Still He, who felt temptations power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded pride my bosom swell,
Despised by those I prized too well ;
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe,
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread.

And oh ! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last ;
Still, still unchanging watch beside
My dying bed—for Thou hast died ;
Point me to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe my latest tear away ”

I advise all young Grants to buy their namesake's hymns.
Fighting force in 1745, 850. Slogan—“ Stand fast ! Craigel-
lachie.”

MACAULAY.

A small clan, but “dour.” The chief's name is on the Ragman Roll. They fought against Bruce, and against the Stuarts. A branch of the Clan Alpine.

Worthy and great indeed in modern times,
The noble father of a noble son.
(Redeeming their clan's follies and its crimes)
Who battled slavery inch by inch and won.

The eloquent historian and great scribe,
Who stood with Wilberforce for liberty ;
Whose father, greater than his ancient tribe,
Knocked off the gyves and set the captive free.



LORD MACAULAY

The father of Lord Macaulay had much to do with freeing the slaves in the West Indies ; he gave his life to this object, devoting time and money to the good cause.

KENNETH OR MACKENZIE.

Meaning "Son of the Friendly." Supposed erroneously to be of Irish origin. Kenneth (according to tradition) having rescued Malcolm Canmore from an infuriated stag, his armorial bearings are a stag's head and horns.

The head of Chief Kenneth was presented to James the Fifth (who had trouble with this clan), and he received the gift graciously.

The clan fought with Queen Mary at Langside, against the Regent.

George MacKenzie of Rosehaugh, Lord Advocate of Scotland, was a great persecutor of the Covenanters, hated in his day, and down to our own times. Little children playing round his tomb in Grey Friars churchyard still sing—

" Lift the sneck, and raise the bar,
Bluidy MacKenzie come oot an ye daur."
and then run away.

Seaforth and Cromartie, marched boldly out to fight,
Two thousand five hundred Highlandmen of might,
Pipes screaming, colors flying, in seventeen forty-five :
But of those who saw Colloden, few returned alive.
Let this be a warning to all little Macs who strive,
How Clan MacKenzie suffered in the bloody forty-five.

The chief of MacKenzie is called Caberfae, or Buck's Head. They are identified with the ancient tribe of Ross. Fighting force in 1745, 2,500. Badge—Deer Grass.

Six families of this name have baronetcies. Henry Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling," was of this tribe.



RED DEER

MACKINTOSH.

Meaning "Son of the First," or Foremost. Descended from Clan Cattan. Supporters in the coat of arms, two cats, crest, a cat rampant. Motto—"Touch not the cat but with a glove." The MacGillivrays are the oldest and most important of the sept or clan Cattan. The Shaws and Farquarsons have also the cats for supporters. Brought a force of ten thousand men into the field at the battle of Sheriffmuir. Lady Mackintosh was a Farquarson, who ordered the "Rout of Moy,"

and is said to have poured hot water on her husband's legs, prevent him from joining King George's forces against the Pretender. MacBeans, MacQueens, and MacPhails are all of the tribe of Clan Cattan. Gilles MacBean, six feet four inches high, did wonders at the Battle of Culloden.

The MacQueens were landowners in 1609, but do not seem to have been so war-like as some of the Highland clans. Macbean and MacVean are synonymous.

Badge—Boxwood.

Little cats, little touch-me-nots, listen to me.
All Pussies who spring from the First, as you be,
The First is not always the best, bear in mind,
Yet no little Mackintosh should trail behind,
In learning, or striving, or playing of games,
For the savage clan Cattan gave rise to great names,—
Great strivers in war, and great gatherers in quiet,
First in getting, and keeping, and fighting and riot.

After all, you know, children, a cat's a nice creature,
Suave, gentle, and cleanly, and playful by nature,—
Most affectionate mothers, with soft velvet paws,
Study all their good points, and don't scratch without cause ;
For horrid bad cats are for scratching and teasing,
And dear little Pussies for loving and pleasing ;
They are graceful and funny, and open to praise,
Be *first* then to emulate all their nice ways.

Brought a force of ten thousand men into the field at the battle of Sherifmuir; cats *without* gloves.

DRUMMOND.

Badge—The Wild Thyme. The chief descended from a younger son of the King of Hungary, who is supposed (there is some obscurity), to have married a sister of Queen Margaret, the wife of Malcolm Canmore, and settled in Scotland. The wife of King Robert the Third was a Drummond, and King James the Fourth wished to marry into this family, and asked a dispensation from the Pope, who was so tardy in giving his

consent that the lady was murdered by those who opposed the match. A powerful family for hundreds of years. The Duke of Perth (so created by James the Seventh) died in exile, and the title and property were forfeited. Many of the clan perished at Culloden, with their chief, Viscount Strathallan, but the title was restored by George the Fourth on his visit to Edinburgh, 1824. There is a pathetic piece of pipe music called "Strathallan's Lament."

The Duke of Perth was a cruel persecutor of the Covenanters.

COMYN.

PRONOUNCED "CUMMIN."

From 1080 to 1330 they flourished in great strength. Of English origin, from Northumberland. Fought against the Bruce, his most powerful enemy. Connected by blood with the royal family of Scotland, and by marriage with John Balliol. A great many of this clan were slain in the feudal battle of Culblean, and a stone marks the spot. This race is now represented by the Gordon-Cummings. The Empress Eugenie is descended from a member of this clan. Could muster two thousand fighting men in the days of Bruce.

Badge--The Cummin Plant.

MACFARLANE.

Descended from the Earls of Lennox, as proved by charter.

A predatory tribe, as turbulent as the MacGregors. A very troublesome tribe. A celebrated Scottish historian, Walter MacFarlane, is of this clan. The representative of the chief unknown, or extinct.

Gathering slogan—"Lifting the Cattle." Fought against Queen Mary at Langside.

The last chief emigrated to America, and his mansion was for a long time used as an inn for travellers between Tarnet and Inverary.

ROSS, OR ROSE.

For the Roses.

Badge—A Wild Rose.

Many Macs sprung from this clan. The Roses of Kilravock have enjoyed their possessions through nineteen generations.

A drop of blood follows these roses in my rhymes,

Very prickly roses in early times.

Sweet, perhaps, to friend, but when you come to foe,

—Not safe to handle, better let them go.

This clan dates from the time of David the First.

In 1745 the fighting force was five hundred men.



IN THE FAR NORTH

Badge—Juniper.

OGILVIE.

Of "The Bonnie House of Airlie."

The first chief was a second son of the Earl of Angus in the days of William the Lion. The Earl of Airlie joined Prince Charlie at Edinburgh with six hundred fighting men. His misfortunes on this account were great, but never regretted.

Ogilvie of Duiluges, first baronet, then Lord of Banff. One of them was fined two hundred pounds for shooting Alex. Leslie "in a jealous quarrel," and in the same year Francis Ogilvie of New Grange was punished for abducting a daughter of David Scott, of H'edderwick. In consideration of their rank they were not executed for these offences.

Badge—The White Thorn.



THE EARL OF AIRLIE'S COAT OF ARMS

GRAHAM.

Descended from a warrior who breached the Roman wall, 420 A.D. The famous Marquis of Montrose, poet and general, was the most remarkable man of this clan. His descendant was raised to a Dukedom by Queen Anne in memory of his great ancestor's services to the Crown, and it is to be regretted that he sold his union vote for one thousand pounds.

Eighteen landed gentlemen of this name officiated at the funeral of the great Marquis in 1661, when his bones were gathered together. The clan mustered not less than two thousand fighting men. Graham of Claverhouse left no descendants. Badge—Laurel. Gathering Slogan—"The Battle of Auldearn."



JAMES, FIRST MARQUIS OF MONTROSE

Let any young Graham who is timid or doubtful, who suffers from bashfulness or false modesty, think of the lines composed by the great Marquis, and take courage—

“ He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
 Who dares not put it to the touch
 And win or lose it all.”

But let him remember at the same time that the Marquis lost it all. He was noble inasmuch as he was not ashamed to say, “I did wrong,” and retrieve his error even at the risk of life and fortune. Four lines of his, often quoted in defence of war, breathe the spirit of a soldier—

“ Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
 To all the sensual world proclaim,
 One crowded hour of glorious life,
 Is worth an age without a name.”



FRASER.

A large and powerful clan. Of Norman origin. Lord Lovat is chief. One of them married the Princess Mary, sister of Robert Bruce, but they were of great power in Scotland as early as the reign of Alexander the First.

Simon Fraser, twelfth Lord Lovat, an old man of eighty, was beheaded on Tower Hill, in London, for aiding Prince Charlie in the rebellion of 1745, but his son was pardoned and served King George. A number of swords are said to have leaped from their scabbards in his ancient hall, the day that Simon, Lord Lovat, was born. This house was burnt to the ground by the order of the Duke of Cumberland.

The Frasers in Canada numbered twelve thousand persons in 1868, all descendants of the old clan.

Clan pipe music, “Lovat’s Lament,” and “Lovat’s March.”
 Badge—The Yew.

A gay tartan, with much red.

The war cry is—“Castle Downie,” or Mor’aich.

MACNAUGHTON.

Of the tribe of Moray. An independent clan of an early date. Great opponents of the Campbells. The chief of the MacNaughtons was an old man when Prince Charlie landed in 1745. He could not fight, but sent a fine horse as a present to the Prince. It bore a ticket with the Prince's name and "the compliments and reverence of ye ken wha." The servant who took the present was taken and hanged by the English, rather than tell who sent the gift, and thus get his master into trouble.

Badge—The Azalia.



This brave nameless Mac, who was hanged for his chief
(An act which excites our respect and our grief),
Said, "Ah, weel, all maun dee, as well soon as syne,"
Oh! little MacNaughtons may his truth be thine :
To stand for good principles even to death,
Be true to convictions and never break faith.



THERES ANE AWANTIN' from engraving.

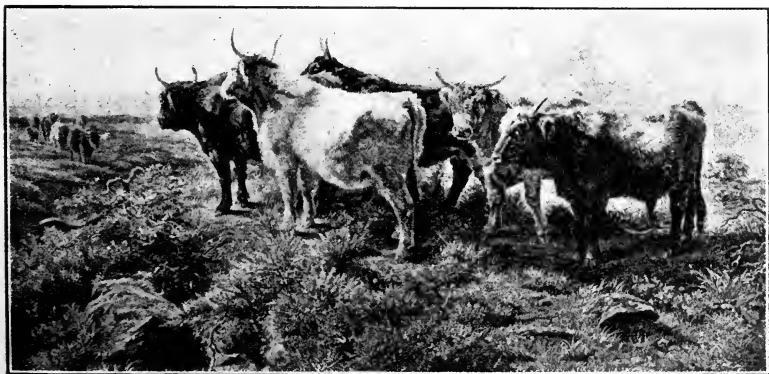
MACLOUIS OR FITZLOUIS.

Otherwise Fullerton, is a family of ancient descent, of French origin. Fought for Bruce, and Fergus MacLouis or Fullerton received from this monarch a charter in the second year of his reign for lands, still in the family. A small clan, dwelling in the Isle of Arran.

MACPHERSON.

Descended from clan Cattan. By right of blood chief of that clan. Crest, a cat, motto the same as that of MacKintosh. The black pipe chanter of the MacPherson's of Cluny is said to have fallen straight from heaven, and to make "heavenly music." The most remarkable freebooter of this clan was MacPherson, a cattle-lifter and man of immense strength and size, double-jointed, who was hanged at Ballater for stealing "a bit heifer." The authorities, wishing to be rid of him, and fearing a reprieve (which actually came), put forward the town clock, and so, according to the song, he "died by treacherie."

Burns wrote a most spirited song to the tune of MacPherson's Rant," an air supposed to be composed by MacPherson himself; pipe music. He died most fearlessly, according to Burns.



MORNING IN THE HIGHLANDS

“ Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly, gaed he,
 He played a spring, and danced it round
 Beneath the gallows tree.”

James MacPherson, editor of the Ossian poetry, is of this clan.

A letter of Prince Charlie's is still preserved at Cluny Castle. Thus it runs : “MacPherson of Cluny. As we are sensible of your fidelity and integrity during our adventures in Scotland and England in the years 1745 and 1746, in recovering our just rights from the Elector of Hanover, by which you have sustained very great losses both in your interest and person ; we therefore promise, when it shall please God to put it in our power, to make a grateful return, suitable to your sufferings. (Signed) Charles, Prince Royal.”

Cluny Castle, Kingussie, is the seat of the MacPhersons.
 Fighting Force in 1745, 1,700. Badge—Boxwood.

MACDUFFIE. MACFIE.

Noted for the large number of them who were red haired. Are the ancient inhabitants of the Isle of Colonsay. MacDuffie's Cross still stands. Macdonald overlord. Dispossessed of their Island, they became a broken clan. They fought with the Camerons at Culloden, and together almost annihilated the left wing of the Duke of Cumberland's army.

Badge—Boxwood.

GORDON,

MEANING “A SPEAR.”

Called “Gay Gordons,” and “Gallant Gordons,” in the old days. Supposed to be descended from Bertrand-de-Gourdon, who shot Richard Cœur-de-Lion. Six hundred Gordons fought at Culloden for Prince Charlie, but one branch of the clan remained true to the house of Brunswick. The Marquis of Huntley, chief of the Gordons, is called “Cock of the North,” and the “Gude man of Gight.” Lord Byron's mother was a



CHINESE GORDON

Gordon of Gight. The Earl of Aberdeen is descended from a cadet branch of this clan. The ninety-second regiment are called Gordon Highlanders. The beautiful Duchess of Gordon offered each recruit a kiss and a guinea when her son the Marquis of Huntley raised the Gordon Highlanders in 1794. War cry—"A Gordon ! A Gordon !"

General Gordon of the Soudan—"Chinese Gordon," was descended from a branch of this clan ; the noblest Gordon of them all. He was—

"Despised and rejected of men," like his master before him,
Ignored, undermined, left to die in the desert alone,
Even though at this time, all the wide world appears to adore him,
And offer their gifts—but no offering can ever atone.
If we kill, we can not make alive, or have back what is lost,
We do but erect a great monument to our own shame,
And are doing what he disapproved at a monstrous cost,
To "gild refined gold," and give life to a great deathless name.

MACRAE OR MACRATH.

SIGNIFIES "SON OF GOOD LUCK."

Duncan Mor was a man of huge size and great strength,
Who is said to have carried a stone a great length,
A stone, other strong men could not even raise,
He lugged it a mile for fun, and for praise.

Fighting at Sherriffmuir this giant died,
And his still larger brother was slain at his side ;
He measured seven feet, as he lay on the sward ;
In the old Tower of London, they still have his sword.

May all little MacCraes show the same strength and pluck,
And each boy and all be the " sons of good luck."

MACKAY.

One of the oldest Gaelic clans in Caithness was called Morgan or MacKay. Fought under Bruce at Bannockburn.

In 1415 Black Angus MacKay brought into the field four thousand fighting men of his name. He was called "Angus the Absolute," from his great power. The chief was created

Lord Reay by Charles the First. Later on Lord Reay's family settled in Holland.

Fighting force in 1745, 800. Gathering slogan—MacKay's White Banner.

General MacKay was beaten at Killicrankie, but made a masterly retreat with his broken, cowed, demoralized forces and wounded kinsmen.

MACKAY AT KILLICRANKIE.

PARAPHRASED FROM MACAULAY'S HISTORY.

The stoutest hearts might be dismayed,
At this man's awful load,
'Twas well he never was afraid,
Or dreaded aught but God."*

'Twas utter rout and sore defeat,
And ruin face to face,
That brave MacKay was called to meet,
In that wild bloody chase.



THE PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE

When red-coats and tartans,
One fierce and furious mass,
Went rushing and raving
And whirling down the pass.

He crossed the foaming Garry,
And rallied up his forces,
Scared lads without one ounce of meal
And wounded men and horses.

*A saying of his soldiers.

These poor, defeated red-coats,
 Arrived in awful plight,
 When Castle Wemys opened wide
 Her gates the following night ;

And beasts were slain, and oat-cakes baked
 To feast the beaten men.
 But soon a cry of triumph passed
 From mountain down to glen.

And that which had been called defeat
 Now proved a victory,
 And Highland triumph incomplete,
 By the loss of great Dundee.

For he was dead, and thanks were raised
 For bloody Claverhouse slain ;
 And hearts were lifted, God was praised
 Among the Covenant men.

General MacKay's soldiers were wont to say he "feared naught but God," a noble memory and example for little MacKays to take to heart. "Fear God and have no other fear." Badge—The Bulrush.

He fell at the battle of Steinkirk, 1692.

MACNAB.

MEANING—"SON OF THE ABBOT."

Signature of the chief—"The McNab." Badge—Common Heath.

This clan fought against Bruce at Bannockburn. "Smooth John MacNab" was killed at the Battle of Worcester, fighting for King Charles. His castle of Elin Rowan in Scotland was burned soon after, with all his papers and title deeds. Two branches of this clan emigrated to Canada. One of this clan settled in Hamilton, Sir Alan McNab.

The last chief was a very eccentric man. He kept a small illicit distillery for his own benefit, and fought a great battle with the bailiffs sent to bring him to order, and beat them. There was much rough play but no one was killed, and tradi-

tion says they were all so exhausted that they took a glass of the Mountain Dew together amicably when all was over. There are other versions of this story.

Slogan—" McNab's Salute."

Little McNabs, all things considered dears,
Should wear blue ribbons in the future years,—
And avoid wine, and cognac, and whisky ;
And Athol Brose, for fear they grow too frisky.
Also sub rosa, flip, mum, mead, and rye,
Loved by the old McNabs in days gone by.



DUNDURN CASTLE

MACMILLAN

Formerly a powerful clan, but it grew weak, and fought under many banners. Their origin not known. Famous in the annals of the Covenanters. Badge—Holly.

As strong in the truth, as their strong Tower of Sweyn,
Which bears a great record, though not of the faith :
They fought, bled, and suffered, brave men of this name,
And stood for the Covenant even to death.

MACDOUGALL.

MEANING "BLACK STRANGER."

Supposed to be descended from pirates. Also claim descent from Somerled, and are supposed to be the oldest branch of the Clan Macdonald.

MacDovals, MacDowalls, are also "Black strangers." Alistair MacDougal married a daughter of Red Comyn, and fought against the Bruce. The check of this tartan is very small and neat. The MacDougals were men of unusual size.

War cry—"Victory or Death!" Badge—The Heath.

A fine, strong, dark-eyed race these strangers all,
Who fought against the Bruce with might and main,
Descended from sea-robbers great and tall,
Mighty in arm, and great and clear in brain.

But men who were not patriots in their lives,
Self before Scotland, marks their work and ways,
They gathered gear, and married wealthy wives,
Fought for possessions—not for fame or praise.

Fought against Charles Edward in 1745, the clan mustering two hundred fighting men.

MENZIES.

Of Lowland origin. War cry—"Up with the White and Red," alluding to the color of the clan tartan. In 1745 their

fighting force was three hundred men. They did not join Prince Charlie, but held aloof and remained neutral although the chief sent secret help and sympathy. He was intimately connected with the Clans Campbell and Leslie by marriage, both too powerful to offend with impunity. Badge—The Ash.

MACGILLIVRAY.

MEANING "THE CHILDREN OF THE FRECKLED MAN"

Of the same race as Macdonald.

When Lady MacKintosh raised her clan for Charles Edward in 1745, the command was given to MacGillivray, as the chief refused to lead it. MacGillivray's own followers were eighty men. He was killed with four officers, the last chief of the MacGillivrays. The rallying cry was—"Loch Sloy." Badge—Box.

MACLAURIN OR MACLAREN.

A broken clan, originally settled near the MacGregors of Glengyle. Better known in peace than war. In modern times celebrated as professors, translators, authors. Badge—Laurel.

MUNRO OF FOULIS.

The name supposed to be derived from Irish words. Motto—"Dred God." They were soldiers, and war was their element. Sir Robert Munro, who fought at Dunbar, was called the "Presbyterian Mortar Piece," so fierce a partisan was he. Another Sir Robert, helped to form "The Black Watch,"

enlisting five hundred men for the regiment. The clan slogan, or battle cry of the Munros, is—"Castle Foulis in Flames!" Like MacMillan, the clan is supposed to be descended from the ancient tribes of Moray, but there is no proof. They are famous as soldiers both at home and abroad. There is an equestrian statue to the memory of Sir Thomas, in Madras, in gratitude for his great achievements. At the funeral of Lord Lovat in 1632, the Munros mustered one thousand strong; the Grants eight hundred; MacKenzies nine hundred; and the Frasers one thousand, all in arms. A peaceable gathering without bloodshed.

Force in 1745, 1,500. Supported the Government. Badge—Eagle's Feathers.

Munro! the name recalls the glint of steel,
The steady tramp of hosts of armed men;
Obstinate, strong, fierce in iredigious zeal,
Marching out with set purpose from their glen.

"Dread God," their motto, but they all loved strife,—
War for war's sake, the clarion and the drum
The call to arms, the joy of Munro's life,
Dearer than wife or children, hearth or home

Soldiers by choice, even to the present hour;
But children of this name, think on the word
Of Scripture, never failing in its power,—
"Those who take sword, shall perish by the sword."

MACNEIL.

Of Norse origin. Two Septs, those of Gigha and Barra, two islands off the coast of Scotland.

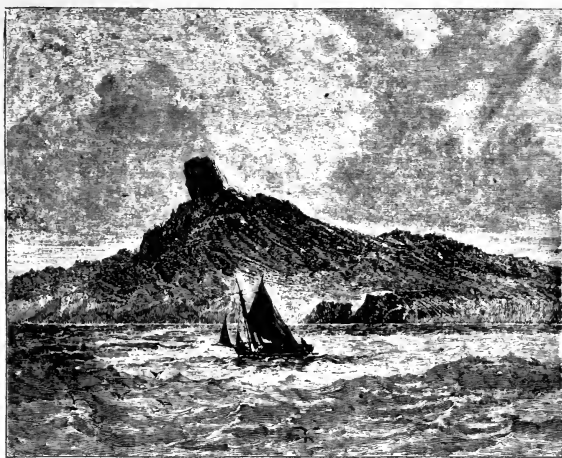
Hector MacNeil wrote some very popular songs, "Mary of Castle Cary," "Come Under My Plaidie," and others. He was for a time editor of the "Scots Magazine."

Possessors in early times of the Castle Sweyn, which passed to the MacMillans by marriage. War cry—"Victory or Death." * Dryas is the Badge, or Sea Moss.

MACKINNON.

"The tribe of grey Fignon whose offspring has given,
Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven."—*Scott*.

War cry—"Remember the Death of Alpin." Supposed to be descended from MacFignone, son of King Alpin, who reigned in 833. "Myself MacFignon" is the signature of the chief. The tribe belonged to Skye and Mull, acknowledging the Macdonald as overlord. A bond of friendship was made between the clans MacGregor and MacKinnon, which lasted for generations. Says the Dean of the Isles, 1594: "At the shore of Skye lyes ane iyle called Paybay, full of woods, good fishing, and a main shelter for thieves and cut throats. It partains to MacKinnon." The clan fought with Montrose



THE SCOUR OF EGG

for King Charles, and Lachlan MacKinnon fought for the King at Worcester with his clan. The clan was "out" in 1715, and again in 1745, one hundred and fifty fighting men, under the son of the chief, who was a very old man, and who concealed Prince Charlie in a cave during his wanderings in the Isle of Skye. Lady MacKinnon regaled him with meat and wine, and gave him clean linen. The old chief was imprisoned for four years at the Tower of London and Tilbury Fort, for his loyalty.

Near the altar of the ruined cathedral in Iona, is a tombstone of black marble, on which is a fine recumbent figure of Abbot MacFignone, exceedingly well executed, as large as life, with this inscription in Latin :—

“Here lies John MacKinnon, Abbot, who died A.D. 1500. To whose soul may the most High God be merciful.”

On the opposite side is a similar figure to the memory of Abbot Kenneth, a MacKenzie.

This tribe, children, springs from a race without peers,
A race that ruled Scotland for eight hundred years.
Young MacKinnons, MacGregors, MacQuarries, think twice,
Ere you barter hard duties for things that are nice ;
For great obligations belong to “gude” blood,
A MacKinnon is nothing at all if not good.

Badge—The Pine.

FARQUHARSON.

Badge—A little Sunflower. Numbered five hundred fighting men in 1745. A sept of clan Cattan.

FERGUSON.

Another little Sunflower. Both these clans held by the Government in 1745. Many distinguished soldiers belong to this clan, and the beautiful “Annie Laurie,” famous in Scottish song, married a Fergusson of Craig-darroch.

MACQUARRIE.

MEANING—“NOBLE, GLORIOUS.”

Descended from Gor, or Guaire. Claim to be the son of MacAlpin, the brother of Fignon, ancestor of the MacKinnons, and of Andrew, founder of the MacGregors, of Celtic origin, as are the MacGuires. Dependent on the Macdonald as overlord, their possession being in the Island of Ulva and a portion of Mull. Fought beside the Bruce at Bannockdurn. The clan oath was “By Gor,” and Gor means “a man.” Some authorities say the clan oath means “By our founder,” others, “By my manhood.”

The last chief died in 1818, at the age of one hundred and three. He was a very temperate man, but his favorite drink was pure whisky. He rose at sunrise, took but two meals a day, and a great deal of exercise; and was strong and hale to the last.

Now little MacQuarries, take heed while I sing,
Remember your founder, the son of a king ;
And boys, as you grow, keep your lives true and clean,
You spring from a man, and should do nothing mean,—
For MacQuarries were thorough in days that are past,
And their chiefs were all manly even down to the last,
Who strode round his island, through mist, storm and rain,
And rode his stout pony, or tossed on the main,
Who died from ripe, honored old age, not disease,
Like "a shock in its season," in plenty and peace.

DAVIDSON (OR DHAIBHIAH).

Pipe slogan—"Tullach Saluule." The origin of this clan is unknown. A very pugnacious and quarrelsome tribe. David was the name of the founder. They are distinguished by bloody and endless feuds with all the surrounding tribes. Supposed to be the old Clan Quele, but there is no proof.



A SUMMER AFTERNOON IN THE HIGHLANDS

MACGREGOR.

The first chief of the MacGregors was supposed to be Andrew, son of Alpin, King of all Scotland in 833. The tribe settled in Glenorchy as early as 1057. Their motto is—"My Race is Royal," and a Highland proverb says, "A MacGregor for Truth." The chief of the MacGregors, called "The lame lord," fought side by side with Bruce at Bannockburn. The MacGregor slogan or gathering is—"Thain' a Ghrigalach," meaning, "The MacGregor is come."

So turbulent and troublesome were these MacGregors that James the Sixth determined to suppress, break up, and exterminate the clan. It was made death to bear the name, and the chief's land was taken from him and bestowed upon rival clans. Yet the clan held together, and became more formidable than ever. They levied blackmail, watched their enemies and lifted the rents and cattle of their Lowland neighbors. In the reign of George the First the celebrated Rob Roy was chief of his sept of the clan, and gave his neighbors a hot time. Regular contracts were drawn up between proprietors in the counties of Perth, Stirling and Dumbarton, and the Macgregors, in which it was stipulated that if less than seven cattle were stolen—which peccadillo was styled "picking"—no redress should be required; but if the number exceeded seven—such amount of blackmail being termed "lifting"—then MacGregor became bound to restore beast or value. This blackmail was levied within six miles of Glasgow, down to the outbreak of 1745. The MacGregors are called by the Scottish Parliament "Lawless limmers." Rob Roy was "out" in 1715, and his oldest son died in exile in Paris, a fugitive for fighting for Prince Charlie.

Rob Roy was a King in spite of the law, had a strong sense of justice, and was a noble fellow. The piper played "We return no more" as Rob Roy expired. He was undoubtedly the MacGregors' greatest hero.

Now, little MacGregors, in any sharp trial,
Be sure to remember that your race is royal,
"A MacGregor for truth,"—oh! let that saying stand,—

A proverb for Macs here, as in the Old Land.
For "truth may be blamed, but it cannot be shamed,"
Let us feel on sure ground when MacGregor is named.

Fighting force in 1745, 700. Badge—The Pine.

The pupil is advised to read Sir Walter Scott's fine story of Rob Roy.

COLQUHOUN.

An obscure word, supposed to mean "Keepers of dogs,." The supporters in the coat of arms are dogs. Anciently they were vassals of the Earls of Lennox. At feud with the MacGregors for generations, the hatred between the clans being very bitter, no quarter given or taken. The MacGregors were proscribed in the reign of James the Sixth, after the battle of Glen Fruin, in which they slew two hundred Colquhouns. The widows, sixty in number, appeared before the King at Stirling, each riding on a white palfrey with her husband's bloody shirt on a pike. The proscription had the effect of rendering the MacGregors more united and desperate. Badge—The Dogberry.

The chief of the Colquhouns was fined two thousand pounds sterling by Cromwell. The Colquhouns fought for King



AIREDALE TERRIER

George against Prince Charlie. The very fact that Rob Roy was on the opposite side made them sturdy partisans of the House of Brunswick.

BUCHANAN.

CALLED "KING OF KIPPEN."

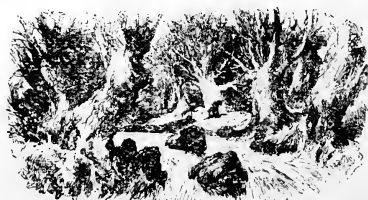
One of the name intercepted and feasted on James the Fifth's deer, and this family was founded by a rough joke, and has peculiar privileges from the crown.

There are several branches, and the clan dates from the thirteenth century, but the first distinct figure is the chief who played the joke with the "Commons King," and the prosperity of the race dates from that time. The tartan is brilliant, with a great deal of yellow in it.

CHISHOLM.

Of Lowland origin. Pipe music, "Lament for William Chisholm." Their old stronghold is Erchless Castle (the situation of the ruin is said to be "beauty personified," a fertile glen scooped out among the hills), built by that old chief who said there were only three persons in the world entitled to be called "the,"—"the King, the Pope, and the Chisholm."

They were much about the Court, and a Bishop of this name bore a very bad character in the reign of James the Third. The following was small. The chief held his lands directly from the Crown, and could muster two hundred men. Roderick, the last chief, died in 1887. Badge—The Fern.



KEITH.

Sir John Keith saved the Regalia of Scotland from falling into the hands of Cromwell by burying it in the Church at *Kennett*. Lord Keith's motto is—"What was lost is safe."



KEITH'S ARMS

MACKEAMISH OR GUNN.

Awful traditions are extant of the feuds of this tribe with the clan Keith. Murders were frequent and horrible on both sides, and spirits are still supposed to walk who took part in these deadly doings.

To say a man was "the son of a Gunn;"
Was the worst thing a Keith could say
In his dark and bloody day,—
For awful tales are told of this tribe and the Keith
How they fought for revenge, not gold,
To the death, and after death,

MACNICOL OR NICOL.

Of Gaelic origin. A small, broken clan, possessing since the twelfth century a property in Rosshire called "Ullapool." Extremely obstinate in holding their own, but not aggressive; they stood on the defensive. "Hold fast like a MacNicol" is a proverb in the neighborhood.

Now little MacNichols, it is well understood,
That this proverb for you, means hold fast to the good.

LESLIE.

The family derives its origin from Bartholomew, a Flemish chief who settled in Garioch, County of Aberdeen, with his followers, in the time of William the Lion ; the name Leslie (Less-lea) meaning little field, from their place of residence. There is an old distich quoted in the family for centuries—

“ Between the less lea, and the mere (or moor)
I met a knight and slew him there.”

Bartholomew is said to have won his coat of arms by safely fording a dangerous river, with the Queen Consort of William behind him. She was holding him by the belt, and as they came to deep water he said, “Grip Fast,” and she replied, “Gin the buckle bide.” The buckle held firm and they landed. There are three buckles in the Earl of Rothe’s shield and the motto is “Grip Fast.”

The Leslies became famous as soldiers of fortune, no surname at one time being more conspicuous in Europe, for there were general officers of this name in the service of three sovereigns, Walter, Count Leslie, in the service of the Emperor of Germany, Alexander, Earl of Leven, serving England, and David Leslie, afterwards Baron of Newark, in the service of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden. Many Counts of this name are settled in Germany, besides families in France, Russia and Poland. The Earl of Rothes stood for the Covenant, and it was a Leslie who struck the first blow in the murder of Cardinal Beaton (he escaped to France, and died a soldier of fortune), but there was a Catholic branch true to Queen Mary.

“Leslie’s March” was composed for Alexander, who was beaten at the battle of Dunbar by Cromwell, A.D. 1650. It is pipe music, author unknown.



EARL OF ROTHES' ARMS.

LESLIE'S MARCH.*

March ! March ! Why the de'il do ye na march ?
 Stand to your arms, my lads,
 Fight in good order,
 Front about ye musketeers all,
 Till ye come to the English Border :
 Stand till't, and fight like men,
 True gospel to maintain.
 The Parliament's blythe to see us a' coming ;
 When to the kirk we come, we'll purge it ilka room
 Frae popish relics, and a' sic' innovation,
 That a' the world may see, there's nane in the right but we,
 Of the auld Scottish nation.
 Jenny shall wear the hood, Jocky the sark† o' God,
 And the kist-fou of Whustles,‡ that make sic a clerio,
 Our pipers braw, shall ha'e them awa',
 Whate'er come on it. Busk up your plaids, my lads,
 Cock up your bonnet.



LEVEN AND MELVILLE'S ARMS.

MACLEOD.

MEANING "SON OF A WOUNDER."

The tribe is supposed to be of Norse descent. The Island of St. Kilda formerly belonged to the MacLeods. A large part of Skye is called "MacLeod's Country" ; the Island was formerly divided between MacLeods, MacKinnons, and MacDonalds. They were once proprietors of Lewis and Harris.

A certain bright old Lady MacLeod died at the age of 103, and the Rev. Norman MacLeod, of the Barony Church, Queen Victoria's late chaplain, was descended from this tribe : a great preacher and noble-hearted man, who stood firm for

*First printed in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*

†Sark—surplice.

‡Organ.

the "Auld Kirk of Scotland" during the troubles with the Free Kirk. He edited "Good Words," and wrote the beautiful story of "The Starling." This "son of a wounder" was a "healer."

The MacLeods fought against Prince Charlie, Lord President Forbes holding them firm. Fighting force 700 in 1745.

There are two curious relics preserved at Dunvegan Castle, the "Fairy Flag," supposed to have been captured during the Crusades by a MacLeod from a Saracen chief; a square of silk worked with crosses of gold and elf-spots, and a drinking horn holding two quarts. The heir of the MacLeod was required to drain this horn at one draught, as a test of manhood, before he could bear arms. Badge—Red Whortleberry.



ARMS OF MACLEOD

BORDER CLANS.

IN THE DEBATABLE LAND BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

They despised the treaties of peace between the two countries, and lived by robbing and pillaging. To punish or control these turbulent marauders was no light task, for the natural strength of their fastnesses was in their favor, and they were protected openly by the Earl of Bothwell, Lord Home, and Scott of Buccleuch, Maxwell, Ker of Ferniehurst, and other powerful border barons, who were useful to the Crown and formidable as enemies. During the minority of James the Fifth, their lawless habits had grown to excess, and

when he came to his power he determined "to deal with them," as he expressed it. Having popped the Border Lords I have mentioned into jail in Edinburgh, that he might have none of their interference, he went on a hunting expedition to the border, with eight thousand men at his back. Cockburn of Henderson, and Scott of Tushielaw, he had hanged before the gates of their own castles.

Johnnie Armstrong of Gilnockie, came forth to brave him. Johnnie was a very prince of thieves and freebooters. He levied blackmail, but protected those who paid tribute to him from all other thieves. He came with forty men, all gorgeously dressed, to welcome the King, and offer to show him where the best game lay, help with the hunting, and "make humble submission." He was hanged with his followers at a little grove called Carlingrig. The trees are said to have withered away and soon died for sympathy.

After this, King James kept ten thousand sheep in Ettrick Forest, and not a finger was lifted against them.

JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG'S LAST GOOD-NIGHT.

Said to have been composed by him just before he was hanged, and set to music by one of his clan.

"To-night is my departing night,
For here no longer must I stay,
There's neither friend nor foe of mine
But wishes me away.

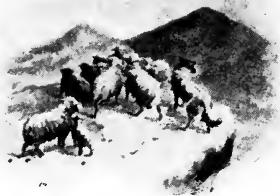
"What I have done through lack of wit
I never, never can recall;
I hope you're a' my friends as yet,
Good night, and joy be with you all."

Græme, Elliot, Scott, Armstrong, Johnstone, were all turbulent border clans--thieves, marauders, moss-troopers, cut-throats; ungovernable and dangerous to both England and Scotland, loving war better than peace. "Thou shalt want ere I want," was a favorite border motto.

THE LAST WORD.

I would have liked to say a word or two,
Of the gift of Second Sight, and "the roaring game,"
And those wonderful Highland collies—but adieu
To Highland hills and glens, and love and fame.

There are great numbers yet of Macs and clans,—
But, children, I can't tell you any more ;
I am warned to "condense, condense," and change my plans
Wind-up and shut out tartans by the score ;
And so, my dears, lest I come in for bans—
Not blessings, and be thought a very bore
I'll say good-bye—may you all be true and leal,
Merry and wise—and so I wish ye weel.



{THE END.}









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